

# THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL;

A WEEKLY RECORD OF PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, AND  
POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF SUBSCRIBERS, THE WEEKLY NUMBERS ARE ISSUED IN MONTHLY PARTS, STITCHED IN A WHRAFFER, AND WILL BE FORWARDED WITH  
THE MAGAZINES. SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED BY ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS AGENTS, AND AT THE OFFICE, NO. 12, WELLINGTON STREET, NORTH.

No. 27. Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1847.

[PRICE, 3d.  
STAMPED, 4d

## CONTENTS.

### CRITICISM ON ART.

#### DRURY LANE.

#### OUR DRAMATIC POSITION.

#### THE DESIGNS FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB-HOUSE.

#### FINE ARTS:—

Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

The Royal Scotch Academy and the Royal Institute of  
the Fine Arts.

Decorative Art Society

Royal Institution—Professor Willis's Lectures.

#### THE DRAMA.

Princess's Theatre.

#### THE DRAMA OUT OF TOWN.

#### MUSIC.

Her Majesty's Theatre.

Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Concerts.—Royal Academy of Music, &c.

#### REVIEWS.

Memoir of Jenny Lind

History of Painting in Italy.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### MISCELLANEOUS, &c.

## CRITICISM ON ART.

ONE of the principal causes of periodical decline in art has been that a sound judgment on its productions has never been extensively possessed in any country; the intellect of the masses never having been so educated, as that they have become exacting scrutinizers of quality in the artist's labour. The consequence has been, therefore, that principles have never been so permanently established by general reception, as would guarantee the accumulation of registered experiment. There have, it is true, existed at various epochs, here and there upon the earth, small coteries of *salons* in such matters, composed of individuals who, having within themselves the raw material of the artist, were undominated by the pecuniary stimulus that made the overcoming of the practical difficulties of the profession in their own person a necessity, and they have chosen the delightful employment of working by deputy as a painter; and, while watching the growth of a picture under the artist's pencil, have acquired all the theoretical experience and instruction of the practical operator, without subjecting themselves to any of the mechanical toil that is requisite for obtaining the tact, or instinct, as it were, that belongs to manipulation. These men were the demanders of effort from the art of their period; and the measure of their exaction made the standard of its accomplished excellence. These coteries, however, pass away, and with them goes the soul that vivified the time in which they flourished. The positive knowledge they possessed being, from the manner of its acquirement, restricted to a few, departs with them. We have the monuments of their existence remaining in the works they caused to be produced; to them as honourable distinctions as to the painters themselves, whose talents

they had cherished into fame; and along with whose names their own are carried to posterity. But the power of appreciation had departed with them, and the works were but unaccountable wonders; having a traditional reputation, that they were sacred things; and they were received on trust by intelligences too confined to judge upon the evidence presented in themselves.

A reputation thus acquired, as it were by second hand, had so much of honour conferred upon it, that it became in itself something to imitate; and men of station in society, without any natural impulse for taking delight in the refinements of connoisseurship, were, nevertheless, ambitious of the reputation that seemed to belong to the term patron. Their pecuniary means, in spite of their intellectual unfitness, conferred upon them an equality of opportunity for interfering; and, motivated by a fancifulness not traceable to understood principle, the consequence of their assumption was to turn aside the endeavour of the artist from the orthodox route in which his better influenced precursor had progressed so far, until the entire profession had again become bewildered in the perplexity of endeavours to satisfy a caprice that referred itself to no stability of standard.

The artists, under both of these influences, were the same; but the quality of demand was different. In one, the employers were difficult to satisfy, in reference to the principles of art; and the painter was compelled to the study of principles; in the other, they were not satisfied at all, in reference to nothing at all; for a principle cannot be taken for granted; it must be understood to be acknowledged. There are representatives of both these classes now living around us. Fine art is influenced and encouraged by those of the one. The others, for the most part, write in newspapers.

To understand, therefore, completely, the phases of art, we may not confine our inquiry to the qualifications of painters only; we must examine the nature of the employment furnished, what were the qualifications possessed by the parties from whom the commissions emanated, and the circumstances that suggested them. The decoration of the Great Temple of Catholic Rome produced a Raphael and a Michael Angelo; decorative furniture and ornamental costume were the inspirations of a Watteau and a Boucher. It was not the men themselves to whom this distinction of endeavour might be attributed. Sensuality and libertinage is more evident in Raphael than Watteau; but the responsibility of selection belonged to neither.

The demand of their period suggested the character of their attempt so imperiously, that choice was not in any instance left to the painter. Had, therefore, the organization of the Frenchmen been transferred into the system of the Italians, they would have distinguished themselves in transfigu-

rations, prophets, and holy families, instead of *amourettes* and *fêtes champêtres*; and the fancy that delighted in the playfulness of a court pastoral might have become equally absorbed in the solemnity of a last judgment. The raw material of the artist in each case would have been made up into the article that was asked for. It was the demand of the period in both cases, that influenced the artist to the production of the work; and it was the *savoir* of the period that made its quality. The *petites maitres* of the French court found little satisfaction in looking on "Last Judgments;" but they had a tolerable notion of the agreeable in matters of furniture nevertheless. The demand of the period belongs to the circumstance of the period; but the quality has to do with the *savoir*, is the matter for critical interference, and is the real subject for applause or reproach to the artist in his time, and to the period in after-time; for insufficiency in art is the consequence of insufficiency in the critic.

The mere critic, therefore, that pompously and dogmatically denounces certain classes of production as unworthy of the painter's effort, because they had not painted high art pictures, at a period when they were not asked for, is one who mistakes entirely his *metier*. The most exact analysis in criticism cannot operate upon the species of demand. It is a department that will take care of itself; for the obstinacy of continuing to paint what none will buy carries with it its own punishment. He who professes to possess an ability for dictating the walk of art that ought to take the place of that which is at the time asked for, must also possess the pecuniary means that is necessary for operating upon the market. He can only sufficiently suggest production that can purchase productions; and his authority to suggest is only equivalent to his ability to purchase.

But the ability to influence extensively the department of production in art will never again reside in an individual or a coterie in this country. The new patronage, to which artists must look with confidence, is popularity of favour among a crowd; and those who will pretend to lay down regulations for the wide field of variety in combination that makes up the great whole of public opinion, are mere *charlatans* in literature, that would substitute some other topic when discussing art, for that which should occupy their attention; but which is wilfully omitted from their inability to grapple with its difficulties. Principles in art are, however, now creeping into educational value; and once received as truths among the public, their permanence of hold will be firmly established. The effort of the connoisseurs of such criticism has been to postpone the consummation, for its coming will be the signal for their departure. When the knowledge of these matters are more general their occupation will have become extinct.

Art might advance, degenerate, or stand still, while such critics were, in appearances, superintending and interfering most energetically. They have, in fact, nothing whatever to do with the matter. Art arrived at what is understood to have been its highest attainment without having been assisted by the superintenders of professed criticism; and we believe that its progress never can be injured by the grossest ignorance in those that make it their profession. They do not assist, that is all. They do not make use of the means that might be beneficial; but they are incompetent to the perpetration of any serious amount of mischief. No matter how much of grave solemnity accompanies the promulgation of what they call their opinions, there is no part of the public, in any manner directly interested in the thing they are discussing upon whom they operate either one way or the other.\*

Critics cannot, by any possibility, have the slightest observable influence over the department of production, for this simple reason, that they are never buyers themselves; and, if they were, this influence would extend no farther than this purchase; these critics are, therefore, in such matters, mere promulgators of opinion. But the department of production is not a matter of opinion; and therefore does not belong to their department of criticism. The artist is directed by the giver of the commission as to what he shall produce; and the commission is not an opinion, but a fact. It is to him a great fact that he has an order for the production of such a picture; and the order is itself an evidence that the class has a demand. There is no quality in criticism that would so operate upon the intention of the artist that he would wilfully produce something else. He does not choose his subject with reference to the critic, but to his employer. To what he knows or believes to be the demand.

The class of art, therefore, of any period, does not depend either upon the disposition of the painter or the fancies of the critic; but upon the desires of the purchaser. The greatest effort of the artist's conception is the imagining of something that will sell. Let a generation arise determined to become possessors of large modern high art paintings, whether historical or religious, ready to pay the price that the proper consideration of such subjects would demand, and competition will at once elevate that species of production to as high a point as it has ever yet arrived at, even if there were not a single publishing critic in existence. But criticism cannot do this, either directly or indirectly; for art, whatever may have been ventured upon the subject by such authorities, is at all times the reply to a question asked. It is an necessary to a principal, which is fashion; and fashion has not the power, even if it had the will, to submit itself to critical guidance as to what style of production it may or may not encourage, for it is itself enslaved by influences that are untraceable. The apparent leader of a fashion, whether in modes of thought or of costume, is in truth but the instrument for putting in practice a suggestion the veritable source of which is unknown to himself.

In spite of this, it is a fact that almost every thing we have of what is denominated criticism, expends itself in opinions upon what it calls the choice of subject that is exhibited in the painter's work; and

every crabbed specimen of connoisseurship periodically prepares his lamentation that pictures that are wanted have not been refused to purchasers, and that painters obstinately decline employing themselves upon works that no one pretends to care about, but the aforesaid crabbed connoisseurs; they only adopting the pretence for finding fault, because they want some common-place topic to write upon, and that comes the first to hand, as being the most common. Thus does the very department, with which opinion has least to do, continue to be the drowsy burthen of the critic's song; and we are pestered with the repetition of reproaches that cannot be of any usefulness, either for the correction of the artist, or for the instruction of the amateur.

But why does this continue to be the staple commodity to which writers upon art may be said to confine their trading? The usefulness of criticism is to point out incompleteness, that it might be remedied. It is not made a matter of reproach to Charles Dickens that he does not write epic poems or classic tragedies. In literature, the duty of the critic is understood: it is not called upon to superintend the class, but to examine the quality of production, with the combined intentions of sharpening the public acumen towards the discovery of defects, and of constraining the producers to increase of effort and continuity of carefulness.

But in art, the previous training that is requisite for doing this effectually does not often fall to the share of the critic; and however he may be prone to bully and talk large in the matter, he is at all times shy of meddling with detail. He, therefore, carefully avoids touching upon those points that might interest the artist in his proceedings, and will not venture a home-thrust any where in dread of the report that might annihilate him. For be it understood that the critic's sole difficulty is to maintain an appearance of reputation to the editor of the work of which his lucubrations are permitted to form a portion. He, therefore, writes not at all for the artist, who would know if he were just in his observations, and despises interference directed by imbecility; but confines himself to generality of condemnation, laments in good set terms the degradation of our schools, is disgusted with the interested motives under which artists paint, abuses the class most successful in production, and winds up with the discovery that every succeeding year shows a gradual descent from some former period; and all this in the very teeth of demonstration, satisfactory to all but editors and critics, that art is progressing—rapidly progressing—in this country; not by their aid—not by their council—but in spite of their theories, and their practices. Thus, while both the artist is increasing in the ability to do, and the community at large is increasing in ability to comprehend the thing done, it is criticism—and only criticism—that sticks itself firmly and contentedly into the mud. And there it is likely to remain, while the word-monger is supposed to know everything, and that all qualities of acquirement are contained in the ability to round a period. Criticism is, after all, governed by the same laws as art; and so long as there is a literary consumption for the class of superficial specious misinformation that degrades the press of the country in this regard, so long will its production exist as a manufacture. The public, however, is not responsible for this; it is the editorial department to whom the blame belongs; and while every periodical of repute is celebrated for something, there is not one to which we may look with confidence for a fine

art opinion, that has reference to any principle upon which such opinion should be constituted. There is not one among them to which an artist may look with interest, in expectation of receiving a hint to work upon, or a reminder of a blemish he had overlooked.

A critic, we maintain, has no other duty to perform than (receiving the intention of the artist as something with which he, the critic, has nothing to do) to examine the more or less of ability with which the intention has been fulfilled. The intention is, itself, made up of qualities over which neither the artist nor the critic has any control. Is the subject still life? the critic will tell his readers that he has no great respect for that class of performances. Who cares whether he has or not? That peculiarity is something in himself, and not in the work. Still life pictures are painted for those that do care for such subjects, and not for those who despise them; and they are also painted by those who believe their own greatest sufficiency is calculated to obtain success in that class of production. It may be an inferior class, and is so undoubtedly. It "needs no ghost to tell us that." But the producers of excellent still life are not to be worried into the substitution of indifferent, or it may be execrable high art, because a writer in a newspaper confesses to a weakness in favour of the species. In spite of the opinions of such critics, there is an opportunity, even in still life art, for the display of high acquirements in many departments of painting; and it is the business of those who would direct opinion on the subject, to examine its pretension, to excellence in its own department, without reference to any other.

Again: in reference to a *genre*, or demi-historical subject, we shall be provided with a dissertation upon the writer's notion of what ought to be the view taken by the artist upon the matter. It is possible that he does not agree with the moment of time that has been chosen. He will go into the history of the personages; he grandiloquent upon subtleties in character, and expatiate upon refinement in expression; and so discuss some other picture—hazily imagined in his own bewildered cranium; his whole endeavour being to prove what wonders he would have performed had he himself been a painter. But there is nothing that tells the reader whether the picture itself may not be a contemptible failure or a work of great merit. The chief matter is left untouched, and why? Because the critic is incompetent to treat the subject as it should be treated, to make criticism a utility. His perception of the matter is so flimsily general that attempt at exactness would be his ruin.

Why has incorrectness of design been so long a reproach to the English school? Because it is that quality in art which requires the greatest amount of labour in the artist to attain, and in which nothing less than an education for the purpose will enable the amateur to acknowledge excellence or detect negligence. Here is the usefulness to which impartial and exact criticism should directly apply itself. It is that portion of the quality of a work that may be most completely demonstrated as wrong when it is so. It is not at all a matter of opinion, but is capable of almost arithmetical evidence. But criticism avoids reference to such a subject, in the fear of getting into a scrape. And it does get into a scrape as sure as it is referred to. The only notice taken of drawing by the *Athenaeum* critic, who is among

\* The question put by Mr. Escott in the inquiry relating to Art Unions, pretty fairly states the public opinion of the matter.—"Is it not notorious among the best judges of art in the country, that if you want an absurd opinion on the merits of an exhibition you must go to a newspaper to find it?"

the most consequential of the class, and consequently the most superficial, was to condemn the "Launcelot and his Dog," by Dicksee, for being ill-drawn. How any biped could signalise that picture as eminent for bad drawing, among the works in the large room at Suffolk-street, is so remarkable a specimen of swaggering ignorance, that we shall leave it to our readers as an example of the class of criticism of which we have been complaining.

H. C. M.

#### DRURY LANE.

THE season at this theatre has now concluded. We do not imagine that any great amount of success has been achieved by the musical doings; nor could we reasonably expect it, for whatever may have been the manager's intention, the character of the operas produced has been anything but satisfactory. In glancing over Mr. Bunn's announcement, we find he has adhered tolerably well to the text. For the business of the opera, he collected together the best available English talent, and promised Viardot Garcia, who has not appeared. In the ballet, we believe, he fulfilled all his engagements with the exception of Plunkett; for whose non-appearance there were no doubt reasons. So far then we feel satisfied. That the season of the theatre has not been so successful as could have been wished, is to be regretted. Many circumstances, over which he could have no control, have been the cause, and to these Mr. Bunn alluded in his farewell speech, inserted in another part of our impression; but partly we must think it owing to some want of tact or understanding in the matter. We will analyse the events. The first card played was the production of Madame Bishop, which turned out anything but trumps; notwithstanding the wholesale puffing, and bouquet throwing that were resorted to. We, individually, were prepared for this result. Madame Bishop's success on the continent did not warrant the idea that she would return to her native country to triumph. Her professional position here before she went abroad never led us to suppose such an issue. Next we had the opera of *Loretta*. Mr. Bunn's share in this partly contributed to its failure. The subject of the libretto was an insult to the moral feelings of this country. Our continental neighbour may approve of it—we only hope such a taste will never take root here. The composer, Mr. Lavenu, we therefore believe to have been sacrificed, partly from the character of the libretto, and partly from the haste he was compelled to make in writing it; for, it is reported, that the book was not even finished when the opera was put into rehearsal; and the music, consequently, was not, and could not have been ready until the last moment. So much for the second catastrophe. The next production was Balfe's *Bondman*. This came out on the 11th of December; the manager figuring again as librettist; showing, however, that he could not make anything even of a good story. The music was not even of the same calibre as Mr. Balfe's operas usually are. It was, on the whole, heavy; and after a short time, was listened to in a very don't care sort of way by the audience. So shot No. 3 did not tell. The opera, however, backed by the pantomime, kept its ground until the end of January, when the *Favourite* was brought out, to introduce a Mr. Travers to us. This was on the 28th of January.

Nothing could exceed the ecstasy of the press generally. It was given out that now we had a tenor that would bear down all opposition, and take rank with any that the continent could produce. We ourselves did not share in this opinion. With all the talent he displayed, there were so many drawbacks that we had our misgivings, and so it turned out. Mr. Travers sung but a few times in all; and another gun was thus fired without any more result than a little noise and smoke. At length Mr. Wallace's name began to be trumpeted about in connection with a new opera. This was to have been heard on Monday, February 22d, but owing to Miss Romer's indisposition it was postponed. A few days after, however, *Matilda*, such was its name, was produced, with all the advantage of scenery and decoration. The composer's success in *Maritana* caused some expectation to be raised, which was not fulfilled. This second opera of Mr. Wallace's was decidedly not so good as the first; it has, however, been continued down to the closing of the theatre. So novelty No. 5 turned out not very satisfactorily. Mr. Bunn, thus in a dilemma, not knowing which way to turn to make a hit, seeing that all his endeavours had only ended in pop-gun explosions, at length bethought him of turning the theatre into a wild beast show; a sort of second-rate Astley's. In this he succeeded; horses, camels, and elephants were to take a part in a great oriental spectacle. The stage had to undergo propping to bear the weighty incumbrance, and *The Desert*, with all its mighty machinery of processions, attempted scenic representations of simooms, interspersed with firing, fighting—in short, a very bad imitation of Astley's was the manager's last hope. It was thought that novelty would, at all events, outweigh the want of merit, such, however, was not the case. The wild beast spectacle turned out a complete failure, and we rejoice at it; for it is some consolation to think that there is a limit to John Bull gullibility. This last turned out a forlorn hope; and, at the termination of the engagement with Mr. Hughes, the owner of this mammoth exhibition, with one expiring effort in the shape of Mr. Harley's benefit, the theatre closed. No. 6 proved the worst speculation of all. There was a rumour current that another opera by a Mr. Laurent, was to have been produced on Saturday last; and we believe it has been in rehearsal some time. Prudence has perhaps prompted its postponement, although the reports that got about spoke favourably enough for the composition. Had the manager been the librettist, its fate might have been different; but the book being by Mr. Fitzball, and the manager having no private interest in the concern, a different fate awaited it; we merely hint this as a sort of theatrical gossip which may or may not be true. At all events, experience of the past has given some ground for the rumour.

In the ballet department, there has been considerable success. Fuoco and Baderna have been the principal attractions; who with Dulignon, Benart, and others, have assisted materially in drawing some houses. The two first are engaged at Covent Garden; thereby proving that Mr. Bunn had shown discrimination in selecting them; for although not equal to the lending stars, they must take first rank in the second class. The scenery has been generally very well done. For this there is a reason; as a contemporary has observed, with some truth, that Mr. Bunn writes his librettos principally for the scene painter, not

the composer. The band is certainly not efficient, and the chorus but moderately so. In fact, from a retrospect it would appear that the season has passed without being successful for two causes—first, the manager has been sacrificed to the poet; and, secondly, which is somewhat dependant on the first, the manager has not shown himself equal to the proper selection, either of music, or of the stars he has brought forward. None of the operas produced have proved successful, and Madame Bishop and Mr. Travers turned out anything but trump cards.

The theatre closed last Monday. The speech Mr. Bunn made was received well. The allusion to his engagement with Jenny Lind was slight; but it appears he has determined on carrying out his original intention of bringing an action against her for damages; for, as he observed, had she come to Drury Lane, the receipts which will now go to the management of Her Majesty's Theatre, would have shown a different result in the balance of the receipts of his theatre. The allusion to the future is, that negotiations are pending between Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews and the directors, which, if carried out, Mr. Bunn would retire, although he had been accepted as lessee. Should they, however, not be accepted, Mr. Bunn returns. How far the arrangement will be productive to Drury Lane, remains to be seen; for it is more than hinted, that English Operas will be produced at Covent Garden, when the Italian Opera season is over. If, as is generally believed, two Italians cannot answer, it would be very unlikely that two English Operas should succeed; but, setting that aside, we question much whether singers could be found for two theatres. There is, however, no saying what demand might do. As it is, with the exception of the few at the Princess's, Mr. Bunn has secured all the other English vocalists, and we must confess, we do not see where any new set is to come from. Having thus run through the principal events of the past Drury Lane season, we will part with Mr. Bunn with a piece of advice, which we deduce as a necessary corollary from this retrospect,—that to insure success for the future, the poet should be sacrificed to the manager, and we doubt not a more favourable issue.

C. J.

#### OUR DRAMATIC POSITION.

WHEN the despisers of modern art (and there are, even at the present time some cantankerous specimens of the class of cattle,) denounce the age as pigmy in its character of production, they will point triumphantly to some existing extensive example of what the ancients used to accomplish, and be satisfied to rest their case entirely upon the evidence so produced. This is a great advantage they possess over those who have some similarity of opinion in reference to things dramatic; for when we, who are old stagers, speak of great men departed, we are replied to by stale jokes relating to the change that takes place in looking glasses, and various other facetiae, every one of which we have long ago ourselves been familiar with. Indeed we seldom stumble over a joke that is not a *renaissance*. Now we have no objection to confess, that whispers of the giants of old were common among the grey beards when ourselves were young, and when we used to consider John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, and George Cooke the insurpassables; as there are

some will insist that they were at present. We, however, lived to think that Mrs. Siddons was surpassed in many characters by Miss O'Neill, and that the splendours of John Kemble and George Frederick Cooke were partially shadowed by the early brilliancy of Edmund Kean. Yet we may not disguise the fact that a great number of the Kemble worshippers remained strong in their faith to the end; and that many of them never would allow to his rival the amount of credit that was certainly due to his genius. As to Cooke, there being more in common between his style of acting than of Kemble with the new meteor, and also, as he had left the London stage before the other made his appearance on it; they were never brought into actual comparison. As to Kemble and Kean, they ran a race together, although when one was in his decline and the other at his strength, they might even then divide the higher drama between them. We have had no *Hamlet* since John Kemble, except that of Charles Young, which was, if not an imitation, too similar in manner, to challenge high praise for originality. John Kemble's *Coriolanus* and his *Lear* were, both of them, magnificent conceptions, that have left the stage unsatisfied till now. We will not speak of him in plays that were written expressly for his fine personal advantages, as that would not be fair in comparison, and might be met by characters similarly prepared for the individualities of existing actors. Of Kean there was *Othello*, *Richard III.*, *Sir Giles Overreach*, *Shylock*, and *Zanga*; all of them unique performances, and which, as given in his best time, we never expect to see equalled. For *Macbeth* we prefer Mr. Macready to either Kemble or Kean; and he has made his own of *Richieu* and *Virginus*, perhaps equalling John Kemble in *King John*. Here we but speak of the *chefs d'œuvres* of each without reference to a number of well-played parts in which they were all good. James Wallack is now the finest *Iago* we ever saw, not excepting Cooke, Kean, or Young. We think Mr. Phelps quite equal to, as a general actor, the latter gentleman; but we have no one to place upon an equality with Charles Kemble in what was his line, although his line did not rank the highest. There is no living *Falconbridge*; and Young England has not seen a conception of the character, which was, in spite of the excellence of his brother's *King John*, and his sister's *Constance*, the attraction of the play. Here we are positive. We have no *Cassio*, no *Mark Anthony*, no *Romeo*; for these, reader, are the parts in which Charles Kemble used to shine. What a *Claude Melnotte* he would have made! a character, however we may dislike the moral of the drama, that has not yet been looked by the actor that played it. It was something amusing to us to see the rush made to witness Charles Kemble's first tragedy, some few years ago, and to notice how satisfied the Young Englanders were to have seen something of what they called the Kemble family. We did not go. We remembered the man in the fulness of his power, and when acting what he was peculiarly fitted for, and we would not destroy the impression we retained of him in either. We who have heard Braham and Madame Storce sing duets will not hazard the notion left us of the then Tenore Robusto, by listening to him, while singing in a transposed key, in a vain endeavour to imitate himself. As for Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neill, there has nothing since appeared in their line at all ap-

proaching to their excellence till now; for though the youthful heroines are not a success in the hands of Mrs. Butler, there is much of the Siddons in her more matronly characters. The only female tragic actress of original genius of late years is Miss Cushman, and her school is something eccentric, not to say savage, a difficulty that has turned her endeavours to the acting of male parts. Here again we have no hesitation. Young England has yet seen no sufficient standard by which to measure female excellence in tragedy. The best has been but tolerable. Mrs. Powel or Mrs. Bartley was equal to the highest. We begin to suspect that the engagement of Mrs. Butler will furnish that standard; and, while establishing a reputation for herself, revive the memory of her progenitors. In genteel comedy Charles Kemble was also eminent; but for eccentric richness, he was far surpassed by Elliston. Lewis preceded them both, and had more of vivacity than either. Jones was celebrated; but his countenance was hard, his head very large for his height, and his features heavy and incapable. With these exceptions, his figure was first class No. 1. In fact, when shorts and silk stockings were full dress, a good leg was a necessity for genteel comedy. Jones had not the oily richness of Elliston. His style was bustling; that of Elliston insinuating; that of Charles Kemble the unassuming gentleman of sense and education. Our best man at present is James Wallack; but he wants refinement and repose, is something damaged in figure by accident, and is very apt to act carelessly. In lady comedy we are opulent in Mrs. Nisbett. Remembering as we do Mrs. Jordan, who, moreover, had a rich voice, and could sing effectively, we give the preference to Mrs. Nisbett over any genteel comedy actress we have ever seen, either English or French. (Rose Cheri has a class of her own.) But Miss Duncan, afterwards, Mrs. Davison, was a dashing actress, and Mrs. Glover, whose father we have seen act in his young days, was another artiste most efficient in that department; while now we have only Mrs. Nisbett; and among the crowd of walking ladies, when she quits the metropolis, we have none to replace her even tolerably. Mrs. Sterling is clever, but genteel comedy is hardly her style.

For old men we had at one time on the stage, Munden, Dowton, Fawcett, and Bartley. What have we to show against these? Farren scarcely reminds you of himself, as he used to be, and has nothing left but a gentlemanly making up; we believe the next to him is Granby, a clever, careful, useful actor. Frank Mathews might have done something, had he been in an advantageous position, but he has been so damaged in burlesque that we despair of him. There is no *Sir Anthony Absolute*, *Job Thornbury*, or *Old Dornton* anywhere. Mr. Phelps plays *Old Dornton*, pathetically, but he destroys its comedy; and it is not what it used to be, or what the author meant it to be. We have no Irishman on the stage at present, and the numerous failures deprive us of hope. John Johnston belongs to old time; but most of our readers remember Power. If they were told by the very young ones, that Hudson was as good as Power, they could only admire the innocence of the observation. We believe Power to have been quite equal to Johnstone, excepting as a singer; and, also, to the latter as being a larger man, which gave to him a certain

physical dignity made requisite in most of the Irish characters that were written for him, and have kept possession of the stage. As to low comedy, we do not think there is much to choose between the present and the past. Buckstone, Wright, Keeley, and Compton, could scarcely be surpassed in their variety of humour at any time; and there is Cowell at the Princess's, of whom we have not seen half his capacity. Mrs. Keeley has, perhaps, the greatest power over the feeling of any living actress; in so far resembling what Miss Kelly used to be; although, the difference of figure gave the latter lady an advantage in characters purely sentimental. Charles Mathews and Alfred Wigan as eccentric comedians are both excellent, and we have not yet arrived at the best points of either. Of Wigan in particular we expect great things. Leigh Murray, in sentimental comedy, is an useful, and might, in time, become an excellent actor, in the Charles Kemble school. Creswick attached to a theatre, at which he would not turn up his nose at every thing but the very first, would become a great favourite; for he is very clever, full of extreme intensity, very musical in intonation, and eminently painstaking. George Bennet is exceedingly fine when suited, and not overlaid; but he is the least efficient in a first-rate part of any one we know. Up to a certain weight he is a devil to go; but one pound more breaks his back, and he is nowhere. So much for a review of our present means. We are about a revolution in dramatic matters. There is great promise in the horizon of better weather, and we expect the next season will restore play-going to be a fashion.

THE TRUNKMAKER.

#### THE DESIGNS FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB-HOUSE.

OUR readers have already learnt the result of this much-talked-of and more than usually important competition, viz., that the two premiums have been carried off by the designs, Nos. 28 and 55, the former by Mr. Tattersall, the other by Messrs. Fowler and Fisk; all of them parties hitherto little, if at all, known in their profession, and who have never sought to distinguish themselves by exhibiting any of their productions or designs at the Royal Academy. So far, then, there seems to have been perfect impartiality; for, even supposing that their names had by some chance or other got to the knowledge of the committee before-hand, the club cannot possibly have been influenced by the authority of names and previous professional reputation. On the contrary, they must, we should imagine, have been somewhat astonished on discovering—and a discovery it was—what unknown talent they had brought to light.

We will, however, before we proceed further, make some remarks on what appears to us a more straightforward than judicious mode of proceeding as regarded the very important point of facilitating, as much as possible, a comparative examination of all the drawings. According to the notice fixed up in the rooms, the designs were numbered and hung up precisely in the order in which they were received. Besides looking like impartiality, this, no doubt, spared some trouble in the very first instance, but must have occasioned a great deal afterwards; the consequence of such arrangement being that the whole was a confused pell-mell exhibition, and the sort of order observed such complete disorder as to be exceedingly fatiguing

and perplexing. Designs of the most opposite character were placed in contact with each other, as if contrast and variety in the mode of exhibiting them had been chiefly aimed at. Surely the more rational mode of proceeding would have been to have sorted out the designs, first of all putting them together according to their styles, and then subdividing each of those general classes into minor ones, according to other circumstances. For instance, the Italian, the most numerous class, would have been subdivided into Astylar and Columnar; the latter again into those which had only a single order, and those which had more than one. Perhaps some other distinctions might have been attended to; such as putting together those designs which, besides agreeing in regard to style and the other circumstances just mentioned, agreed also in showing externally either only the principal floor windows over the ground-floor, or a second tier of them; or else agreed in being either with or without an attic division crowning the general mass. In addition to such classification, an analytical table should have been drawn up, divided into columns, headed morning-room, coffee-room, drawing-room, library, and so on; stating the dimensions of all the principal rooms, also their collective areas, in each design. A day or two occupied in making out such a table would have been time well employed, inasmuch as it would have both called attention to plans, and have greatly facilitated comparison of them in regard to their respective accommodation. As matters were managed, on the contrary, comparison of any kind was almost out of the question, for unless you confined your examination to only two or three designs, you got absolutely bewildered, and had to go backwards and forwards, up stairs and down stairs, in order to consider, as well as you could, the relative merits of designs which had several qualities in common with each other.

The club, we suspect, did not attempt—perhaps even the idea of doing so did not occur to them—to institute any comparison of the plans, in regard to arrangement and accommodation. Possibly—for very strange things, we find, are possible, they are not, or were not at the time aware that they conferred the premiums on two designs that differed very widely as to one material point of accommodation, in one of them the coffee-room being only 68 feet by 21, while in the other it is 100 by 32, a difference of no less than 1772 square feet. Strange to say, the design which obtained the first premium, and which it may be presumed is adopted for the future structure, is the one with the smaller coffee-room—almost the smallest of any in all the designs.

Let us now—but hold! we have first to inquire what became of all the sections. Though two drawings of that kind were stipulated for from each competitor, and very properly so, they being absolutely indispensable for judging of interior character and effect; scarcely three or four designs show any sections. This is to us perfectly incomprehensible. Are we to imagine that the committee at once discarded all the sections that were not attached to other drawings so that they could not well be separated from them—as being things which they did not at all understand. If so, why did they ask for them? wherefore impose upon the competitors so much study and labour to no sort of purpose whatever? Was that liberal? was it fair? nay, was it even decent and according to common sense? As two general sections were made a *sine qua non* in the instructions to the

competitors, we take it for granted that such drawings were included in every set of designs; and more, we know positively such to have been the case in two instances; and in one of them, the sections displayed many equally novel and strikingly scenic combinations, besides a very great deal in regard to interior decoration, of which the plans alone convey no notion whatever. Yet though the author of that design may feel somewhat annoyed at finding his best ideas absolutely ignored, he may console himself by reflecting that they have escaped being divulged *pro bono publico*, and that they are still as much in his own keeping as if they had never been submitted to the Army and Navy Club. Unless, now that the premiums are disposed of, the competitors are perfectly indifferent to the matter, we think that they ought, if only for example's sake, and by way of wholesome caution for future competitions, to call upon the club to explain why, after asking for them, they discarded the sections. It is a question that cannot be put too forcibly; and one that, if put effectively, would elicit from honourable gentlemen, a direct, though not perhaps a very satisfactory reply. At present, that part of the affair is to us quite an enigma; all that we can understand being, that the club thought proper to fling overboard, without ceremony, one entire class of architectural documents and illustrations, which are, as regards the interior of buildings, precisely what elevations are to the exterior.

There is yet another point, with respect to which we could wish to have our doubts cleared up. Were the designs examined only as they hung upon the walls? If such were really the case, we can easily guess what sort of scrutiny they obtained; for though the perspective views, which are on a larger scale than the other drawings, were placed conveniently enough, some of the plans and elevations—the very things that required to be closely looked at, and looked into, were put more or less out of sight, and where there were marginal remarks on them they could not be read.

Since we cannot compliment the club upon their ability in conducting the preparatory stages of the business, let us see if we can congratulate them on the issue of it. Hardly would the designs, Nos. 28 and 55, have obtained especial notice from us, had they not obtained the premiums, we being, we frankly confess, too obtuse to discern their super-excellent architectural merits,—and super-excellent they are, or ought to be, when the committee have expressed their opinion as to “the general excellence of the designs sent in by architects for competition.” Probably these two designs were more particularly alluded to by our contemporary who informed his readers that there were some designs “prepared at great cost.” Mr. Tattersall's set of drawings have certainly been got up with great care, and no doubt at considerable expense also, if, as report affirms, he employed an able and well-practised hand to execute them—a dexterous pencil, accomplished in the *farberia dell'arte*, which is capable of setting off to advantage, not only mere commonplace,—but downright architectural bathos. At any rate, he went to the expense of having a wood-cut, and a printed description of his design, a copy of which was, no doubt, sent to each member of the club. How far such course is to be regarded, as taking an undue advantage, we pretend not to determine; but unless it were to be

generally adopted, it certainly does give a decided advantage to him who resorts to it, because, he can hardly fail to secure for his own design that attention and consideration which others must take their chance for,—and a very great chance it is whether what has cost most study, and will bear the most scrutinizing examination, will obtain more than a few hurried and casual glances. The securing consideration, however, is one thing, and the being able to stand the test of it another; and we fancy that the consideration bestowed on Mr. Tattersall's design must have been of a more indulgent than discriminating kind. It struck us that the drawings were a good deal tampered with,—that in the perspective view considerable liberties were taken in regard to scale, either the Pall Mall front being represented wider than it really would be, or else the adjoining houses lower than they really are. It is well known that the extreme width of that frontage is only sixty feet, yet in that design it is made five windows in breadth, besides two piers at the angles, each containing a niche between pilasters. In consequence of his putting so many features into that elevation, the club, perhaps, fancied that Mr. Tattersall had contrived to give them a larger front towards Pall Mall than any of the other architects had, whereas it is thereby evident, and should have been evident to them, that the piers being so many are necessarily small, and that the whole will be stamped by littleness of manner.\* The elevations show much of insignificance and triviality even in what is meant for grandeur. A comparatively small order of attached Corinthian columns with arches between them, is hoisted upon an astylar substructure, which is altogether distinct from it in character, for in the latter the windows are of loftier proportions than the upper ones, and though somewhat ambitiously decorated, are of meagre design; while the upper portion of building is Italian, the lower is in a very mongrel style—or rather manner, for it lacks all quality and flavour of style, and among other faults exhibits the vulgar solecism of non-sensical horizontal channelled stripes as a substitute for what is rather improperly termed rustication; since decorative masonry would be a more appropriate name for it.

What, except the prettiness of the drawings could prepossess the club in favour of this design, we are at a loss to imagine. Hardly can it have been the merits of the plan, because the latter is such that a far greater degree of external beauty and taste would ill atone for its defects. Several of the other plans are in every respect superior to it; with one or two it will bear no comparison at all, either as regards arrangement or size of rooms. In fact, besides being of very moderate, and we should think insufficient dimensions, some of the rooms are awkwardly contrived, and show no attention whatever to symmetry; doors and windows on opposite sides not corresponding with each other in situation. Although only 55 feet by 21, the morning-room is contracted in width by a row of columns put a little in advance of the wall on the window-side, where they would not only be greatly in the way, but in some degree obstruct light; and at the same time are so far from conducing to pleasing architectural effect, as to

\* The front of the Travellers' Club-house, which is 68 feet, has only five windows on a floor, without anything between them, and without anything more at the angles than quoins; therefore a front not so wide by 8 or 9 feet must, if filled in according to Mr. Tattersall's design, have all its parts on a small scale.

destroy architectural balance, by giving to that side of the room a confused and crowded-up appearance in comparison with the other. This one-sidedness showed itself more forcibly than agreeably in the perspective view of the apartment. The drawing-room, again, is no better than what one would find in an altered house, where two rooms overlapping each other have been laid into one in the shape of the letter L. Well, it produces a little variety at any rate, and is, if not a happy one, at all events a deviation from the universal mere four-sided room. The staircase, which being 40 feet by 22, occupies considerable space in comparison with the rooms it leads to, is intended as the "lion" of the interior, and was, accordingly, represented in a perspective drawing of it. That view, however, is somewhat fallacious, inasmuch as being taken from an imaginary or inaccessible station, it conveys the idea of a much larger area, in fact of a square of about forty feet, of which the spectator sees half; for, without referring to the plan, it would naturally be presumed that there was another colonnade behind, corresponding with the one seen in front, whereas that colonnade is the only one, and is placed not at the end but on one side of the staircase, so that there again we meet with that unlucky one-sidedness which disfigures the morning-room. In what little there is that amounts to architectural design, there is more of staleness of idea, than of nobleness or refinement of taste. What is meant to be grand is positively *mesquin*; and the columns are so wide apart, that the idea of a colonnade is forfeited. In fact, the upper part of the staircase struck us at first-sight as looking very much like a row of five front boxes in a small theatre. There must, we fancy, have been at any rate much better staircases in some of the other designs, though owing to the sections being suppressed, we could not learn their design and decoration. By-the-by, we may as well take the liberty of asking whether those drawings were not kept back, partly out of discreet consideration for the two "approved" designs, lest their interiors should be thought very second-rate in comparison with some of the others.

After finding the first premium bestowed on such a plan and architectural composition as the above, we have no right to feel at all surprised at the other being adjudged to Messrs. Fowler and Fisk. In their exteriors the two designs are pretty much on a par, both being characterised by *mesquinerie* and crowded up littleness, by poverty of taste attempted to be redeemed by a lack-a-daisical sort of pomposity. For one bit of pomposity, the second premium affair stands unique among all the designs; the centre of the St. James's-square front being surmounted by a figure in a *quadriga*, with four prancing steeds; a piece of decoration that would be more in place on the top of a riding-school, than of a club-house—unless it were one for the Jockey Club.

After all it does not exactly follow that either of the "most approved" designs will be carried into execution. It is most likely that the club will now find themselves obliged to do what they ought to have done at first, take the matter into serious consideration; or they may rue it in the end, and find out that they have made a very bad bargain. In fact we have heard, that it is not at all unlikely that the "successful" competitors will be dismissed, and another architect called in. But

enough, for the present at least, for our paper is full, and we have only room to ask:—

*Have not the club violated their implied contract with the competitors by throwing out sections after conditioning for such drawings to be sent with every design?*

## THE FINE ARTS.

### EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE seventy-ninth exhibition of the Royal Academy was opened on Monday last. The number of works exhibited is 1,451, to which the Royal Academicians and associates contributed 150. The hanging committee was composed of Messrs. Uwins, Webster, and Herberts. Mr. Uwins has but one picture, not well situated; Mr. Herberts has but one picture, and Mr. Webster has three, one of which is placed in the much vituperated octagon room, one of the others being of very small dimensions. After all this there are a great many good pictures in bad situations, for there is scarce any other than good pictures in the exhibition. The greatest boon to the arts at the present moment would be the erection of a sufficient gallery for showing the amount of talent possessed. Emulation and the public interest in the matter will do all the rest much better than any quantity of legislative interference. We are now entering upon an era in England in which the art of design may calculate to make not merely an effort equal to any that has yet been made in any country at any time, but also to implant its love so firmly and upon so stable a foundation in the minds of its people, that what it gains at any time it shall keep for ever, and the struggle be no longer to recover mislaid principles, but to add the discovery of new ones to those already registered. The English people are the true supporters of English art. Knowledge is too widely spread to be again lost by the quackery or mysticism of any, and art in the future will have its part of progress. Last year was a surprise to every art lover for the crowd of excellence it produced, and this year far surpasses its predecessor. We have not only very much of performance from those that promised, along with heaps of new promises, but we have newly revived effort from those who had ceased to do either one or the other. Established reputations have considered it worth their while to exert themselves, and have shown how much of untried excellence was latent in them that it only required the impulse of competition to develop. Artists seem now to be compelling each other forward in the race; the foremost may not stop, or they will be trampled on by those behind, and keep moving is now the general cry throughout. Fine drawing is rapidly gaining ground as an acknowledged necessity, and where we do not see its actual and complete accomplishment we are happy to say we detect much tolerableness of endeavour, in itself to us a security for its eventual attainment. We never saw an exhibition with so few bad pictures; there are very many on the walls, looking to disadvantage in such a neighbourhood, which, if they were hung up in private apartments, will have, and deserve to have, the character of very clever works of art.

No. 1, *The Indian*; W. Gale. A clever study of Mendo, the Indian model. The artist has had much to do to idealize his individualities, and has gone into something of an opposite extreme. The body and left arm of this figure are something small for the lower limbs.

No. 7, *Portraits of Lady Hicks Beach and Child*; H. W. Phillips. A well drawn and gracefully composed picture of a young mother and child.

No. 8, *Portrait of the Right Honourable Lord Advocate of Scotland*; J. Watson Gordon, A. A finely painted head, the accessories sober in colour, but very transparent. The whole characteristic both in expression and composition. This picture challenges severity of examination, and will be better liked the more it is looked at.

No. 9, *The Mid-day Retreat*; W. F. Witherington, R.A. This is not happily named. The sun is too low for mid-day. But "what's in a name?" The picture is very beautiful. A green lane, bordered by a brook, in which some cows are drinking. A boy, who should be minding sheep, but that they are lazily looking after their own affairs, is exhibiting to a little girl (whose pitcher tells her errand) a nest of young birds, and forms the foreground group; making breadth with the ground beyond, that is lit up beautifully by the slanting rays of sunshine; while excellently drawn and painted sheep are scattered here and there in the shadow, forming altogether a delightfully cheerful landscape to look upon. It lights itself.

No. 10, *The Battle of Worcester*; J. Ward, R.A. This battle is very like that in the last scene of *The Taylors*, in which Jack Reeve and his warriors used to gallop about the stage with horses made of basket-work.

No. 13, *The Ruins of Reinfels, on the Rhine*; J. F. Hardy. A very clever little landscape; indeed, there are very many of its class in every corner of the room.

No. 14, *Una*; W. E. Frost. If Mr Frost succeeds in maintaining the reputation this picture will have won for him, he will take permanent rank among the first of his profession. His *beau ideal* of the female form is not exceeded, if equalled, by any other; and his colour is as beautiful as is his form. The elegance of line, roundness and softness of texture, and delicacy of tint presented by the nymph in blue drapery in the front of the picture, has never been surpassed. The body and bosom are gently fore-shortened to the perfection of the art. There is no other artist that we know of who has combined so much learning in anatomy with such elegance of detail and fleshy texture. *Una* is seated in the centre of the picture, with her eyes fixed upon the ground, while a dashing, handsome *roué* of a Satyr is crowning her with a variegated garland. She is surrounded by frail nymphs, who are supposed to be envious of her beauty. We know not why; for they are all as beautiful as she is; while some look quite as innocent, for all her primness. This is by some imputed as a fault; but for ourselves we would not have one of them divested of a single charm, and to make her exceed them is an impossibility. The male creatures are all of them magnificent specimens of humanity. Just to prove we have done all our possible to find a fault, we will mention that the angle made by the bent leg of the female, sitting with her back towards us at the left side of the picture, is just a trifle acute and unpleasant.

No. 15, *Athens*; W. Linton. Perspectively clever; but the sky is not Greek.

No. 16, *The Lord Bishop of London*; E. U. Eddis. A pleasantly composed clerical portrait.

No. 21, *Portrait of Thomas Richardson, Esq.*; J. Hollins, A. The contrasts being at the bottom of this picture, the head loses consequence.

No. 22, *A Misty Morning, with Figures*; F. R. Lee, R.A. A sketch; a masterly and clever sketch; but still a sketch.

No. 23, *Preparing for War*; R. Farrier. Mr. Farrier will never have done playing at soldiers.

No. 24, *Playful Interruption*; T. F. Marshall. A young lady at a cottage door at work, a kitten catching at the thread. A very tastefully composed and well painted picture. The management of the light is quite successful. Mr. Marshall is one of the artists upon whom we calculate.

No. 27, *Watering Horses*; J. Dearman. A nice little bit.

No. 30, *Moated House, Ightham, Kent*; C. T. Dodd. A clever bit; showing a fine perception of natural effect.

No. 33, *Portrait of J. Sidney Albaret, Esq.*; T. F. Dicksee. A finely painted, well-drawn, and masculinely treated portrait.

No. 36, *Portrait of Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland*; R. Buckner. There is more room for desire than for praise in this picture. While it presents parts of much promise, it is something beyond the present capability of the artist.

No. 37, *Righteousness and Peace*; S. A. Hart,

R.A. This picture is very meretricious in its effect of colour, and the figures are clumsy. Moreover Peace looks like an actress that is rather occupied by some dandy in the stage box than with the character she pretends to fill. We should say a "Peace" like that were hollow.

No. 42, *Neptune assigning to Britannia the Empire of the Sea* (Sketch for a picture to be painted in fresco, at Osborne-house, for her Majesty and Prince Albert); W. Dyce, A. This is a very clever picture. Grand in composition, and although affected by Italian mannerism, which is a fault, beautifully drawn in parts. The effect of colour is fresco-like. The two female Tritons in front are remarkable for fleshy character and purity of outline. The child floating on the water is buoyancy itself. The outline is fine and definite throughout, there being no evasion of responsibility in any part. The Mercury's head is too small; and Britannia a little too pretty behaved.

No. 43, *Maiden Meditation*; C. W. Cope, A. Were it not that the arms of the Saviour are something small for his height, this would also be a fine picture, according to its intention.

No. 53, *Fashion's Slaves*; R. Redgrave, A. A milliner has brought home a lady's dress. Her employer, pointing to a time-piece on the table, reproaches her with want of punctuality. The pale countenance of the milliner, the indignation of the servant behind, and the book my lady has been reading, something about sentiment, tell the rest of the story. This picture reminds us of *The Broken Heart*, by the same artist. All parts of the picture are beautifully cared for, and texture is generally successful, while breadth is never injured; neither do the faces or hands lose consequence in the comparison. The head of the milliner is particularly fine, gentle, mild, sorrowful, and true.

No. 54, *The Midsummer Night's Fairies*; R. Haskisson. This is, to us, quite a new name; but whoever it may be, he has produced a most attractive little picture, full of genius of the very first order, beneath an arch of chromo architectural adaptation, in the front, presenting sculptures of our friend Bottom and the fairies of Shakespeare. There is throughout this composition positive evidence of a fine and original perception of colour, a playful fancy, very much of clever drawing, an elevated beau-ideal of form, and a finish in parts equal to anything we know in art. The painting of the chivalrous snail in the foreground would vie with anything in existence. It seems to us as if we had met the artist's style in a wood-cut.

No. 55, *Cupid and Nymphs*; A. Cooper, R.A. Madame Wharton in various poses.

No. 56, *Now swarms the Village o'er the jovial Mead*; J. Noble. This picture is by no manner of means ugly.

No. 57, *West Front of Antwerp Cathedral*; D. Roberts, R.A. Undoubtedly, a very fine picture, but placed too low to be properly appreciated when the room is full. The air and distance appear to be beautifully provided for.

No. 61, *Morning, in a Welsh Valley*; T. Creswick, A. A very beautiful picture; the foreground truthfully painted, and replete with detail. The distance broad, transparent, and full of air.

No. 62, *Martha and Mary*; C. R. Leslie, R.A. Solemn in sentiment, and broad in colour, but something too red in general effect.

No. 63, *Portrait of the Right Hon. the Earl of Dalhousie*; J. Watson Gordon, A. The canvass is of too much consequence for the man in this picture.

No. 71, *The Driver—Shooting Deer in the Pass; Scene on the Black Mount, Glen-Urchiey Forest*; E. Landseer, R.A. Two Highlanders, as large as life, are in the foreground, shrinking behind some fragments of granite, the one holding down a couple of hounds, the other loading a rifle. The deer in crowds are gamboling by, in fancied security, in the immediate vicinity. There is a small portion of a lake in sight; above it hangs the mist, through which a ray of Highland sunshine discovers the heath of the hill beyond. The silence seems only broken by the footsteps of the deer. When we say that this picture is very large, is by Edwin Landseer, and that it is worthy of the re-

putation of the artist, the reader will be able to imagine all the rest quite as well as we could tell it to him.

No. 72, *Portrait of Lieut. Holman, R.N., F.R.S., The Blind Traveller*; J. P. Knight, R.A. A very fine and characteristic portrait of the man; and possessing, moreover, much value, merely as a picture.

No. 73, *Among the Cumberland Mountains | Mist clearing off*; T. S. Cooper, A. A very clever picture, of course.

No. 74, *French Troops (1796) fording the Margra Sarzana; and the Carara Mountain in the distance*; C. Stanfield, R.A. While we protest against Mr. Stanfield's devoting his talents to depicting the military achievements of France, we cannot refuse our approbation to this picture; which is of a very large size; and, perhaps, the very best military picture of our school. It is splendidly painted, and eminently remarkable, both as to perspective, composition, and general effect of colour. It is wonderfully true as to keeping, and admirably painted in all its details. As a whole, it could not be surpassed anywhere. The subject is fully described in the title.

No. 75, *Mrs. George Dering*; H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. A well-composed successfully-treated female portrait.

No. 76, *In the Hampstead Fields*; G. C. Stanfield, jun. Something cold in colour, but clever in detail; and not unworthy of the name.

No. 77, *Calda Abbey*; W. J. Blacklock. Much breadth and truth of colour.

No. 78, *The Gloves*; C. Dukes. A very clever picture, illustrative of a passage in the Sentimental Journey, that would, ten years back, have occupied more of public attention than it will at present.

No. 80, *The Watering Place*; F. R. Lee, R.A. A very successful picture; broadly composed and effective in treatment. The masses of shadow are sufficiently forcible without sacrifice of transparency. Air and perspective is well cared for, and the drawing is satisfactory, in spite of a general want of finish and texture in the foreground objects.

No. 81, *John Edward Dowdeswell, Esq., Master in Chancery*; H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. The head well-painted, and the pose easy and natural.

No. 85, *Portrait of Mrs. Arthur Shirley*; F. M. Joy. A lady-like figure; but the drapery something broken in its treatment.

No. 86, *Arrival at Folkestone of the Steam Packet from Boulogne, in a Storm*; J. J. Chalen, R.A. This picture presents as comfortable an appearance as the artist could desire; even while looking at it we felt certain vivid reminders of unpleasantness at sea.

No. 88, *The Guardian Angel*; R. Redgrave, A. A very nice picture; full of sentiment and generally well-drawn. Is there not something remarkable between the two middle fingers of the angel's right hand. It is not natural, and is always an effort to separate the fingers so.

No. 89, *An Interior*; G. Hardy. A very well-painted little cabinet bit, of a girl sewing by a window, with a background of domestic detail; very beautifully finished throughout—broadly transparent in effect.

No. 99, *The Ferry*; and No. 100, *Happy Sheep*; both by R. Redgrave, A. And both very nice bits of truth in landscape-painting.

No. 101, *The Mill*; J. Linnell. A very capital landscape, treated with all the usual carefulness of the artist, that will not be fully appreciated till hung up in the apartment it is destined to ornament. It would remind us of Rubens, but that it is a great deal too good.

No. 102, *The Slave Dealer*; A. Cooper, R.A. Madame Wharton again.

No. 103, *Lannercost Abbey*; W. J. Blacklock. Clever.

No. 104, *A Village Choir*; F. Webster, R.A. This is a picture that we can only look at, and wonder how it has been accomplished. In its way we know of nothing to place beside it. The character of the singers is so various, that we could guess the temper and employment of each. The

great beauty of the eldest girl, whose face, shaded by her bonnet, is illumined by the reflection from the child's tippet, is in singular contrast with that grimacing basso beyond. The painting of the heads and hands are, every one, a study. We could write a volume on this picture, but will satisfy ourselves by insisting on a careful examination of the aforesaid girl's arm and hand that holds the book; a beautiful specimen of fleshy texture.

No. 105, *Mediterranean Craft, Gulf of Genoa*; E. W. Cooke. A very clever picture, well composed, and very effective.

No. 107, *La Pucelle, Old Talbot and his Son, at the Battle of Patay*; A. Cooper, R.A. This is a better picture than we have lately seen by the artist. We suppose that he has exerted himself to break a lance with Mr. Etty. "Go it, little 'un!"

No. 108, *Sunset*; W. J. Blacklock. Blacklock means breadth.

No. 109, *Daughter of M. Van de Weyer, the Belgian Minister*; E. A. Eddis. A cleverly managed infantine expression.

No. 123, *Joan of Arc*; W. Etty, R.A. Here we have a work of high pretension, if it is nothing more. A frame, having three compartments, the first of which represents Joan "devoting herself to God and her country on finding the sword that she had dreamed of." The centre represents her, at the height of her renown, leading the famous *sortée* from Orleans; and the third, shows her at the stake, surrounded by faggots, to which fire has already been applied. These pictures are spread upon about thirty horizontal feet of wall, and they are nearly fifteen feet high. We perceive one good resulting from their production. They will furnish a hint to the commissioners of the Fine Arts, that something more than five hundred pounds must be paid for a first class work of high art. This is not a first class work, as we are prepared to show, yet has the painter received two thousand five hundred guineas for the labour therein contained. We hope the hint will be of use. Now to the picture. We think the compositions are not unsuccessful in form or colour. We mean to say the lines and hues that make them are not, in themselves, disagreeable; but we cannot persuade ourselves to look upon any of the three as a finished picture. The first, where Joan is kneeling, with her right hand stretched towards heaven, is, although well drawn and fairly proportioned, subject, both in sentiment and costume, to the reproach of being theatrical; and when we say theatrical in painting, we mean Surrey, or melo-dramatic; for good acting means truth of expression. The centre portion also, appears not merely sketchy, but unfinished; indeed, many parts not even begun. As to form, in composition, there is present, the perceptive merit of an artist whose instinct is elegance; and in colour, he could not be offensive, if he tried: but there is little evidence of study, in either one or the other. The crowd want energy, motion, and interest. Joan herself looks slow, and her horse is slow; she holds her hand in the air, as if a hawk were perched upon her wrist, and yet she wields a sword, with which she is making a slow cut, at nothing at all. Near her, is a man with a pair of chain pantaloons, not an armour of the time, but whose body and shoulders are uncovered. He and his horse have tumbled over, without an excuse. The warriors are almost all naked, we know not why; and the space they occupy, being simply the bridge, would not hold the half of the figures represented on it. There is an episode, in the distance, of a woman, also naked, leaning over a naked dead soldier. How came she there? The only bit of power in the whole, is a man dying beneath Joan's horse. He lies upon his face and seems to clutch the ground in agony. The figure is finely fore-shortened, and altogether worthy of the painter. In the third compartment, the head and shoulders of the heroine are painted in an approach towards the artist's best manner; and if the picture were ours, we would incontinently cut enough out to include that portion, and send the rest of the concern to

Hades. The priest beneath is most offensively common-place. We do most solemnly enter our protest against snobbing high art in this manner. It is quite impossible to produce anything worthy of our school, without as much consideration is devoted to it as the thing demands. This painting is a gigantic abortion, in which a great deal of talent is so alloyed by a large amount of insufficiency, that the whole forms something that will become a grievous blame to the artist, and a great pecuniary loss to somebody some day or other.

No. 126, *Dordrecht*; C. Stanfield, R.A. An exquisitely-painted picture, quite a wonder in perspective; true in every detail; transparent and full of air.

No. 130, *Our Saviour, subject to his parents at Nazareth*; J. R. Herbert, R.A. The Virgin is sitting at her wheel; Joseph, the carpenter, is at work behind; and some chips that he has made are in a heap, in the centre, of the fore-ground; two larger ones on the top seeming to have been arranged by accident into the form of a cross. Our Saviour is represented as a tall youth of thirteen years, and the sign of the cross seems to have intruded upon his thoughts the remembrance of sufferings to come. The virgin-mother notices the passing pang with grave anxiety. The head and entire figure of our Saviour is exquisite. The attitude describes the sensation. The expression is that intended by the artist, and we will not dispute his conception. That of the mother is painfully intense. The scene is laid in the open air; and the back-ground might be painted better. With this exception, and the absence of fleshy texture in all the figures, it is a beautiful specimen of high art production. The drawing, allowing for something gothic in the virgin, is of a refined model throughout.

No. 131, *The Pharisee and the Publican*; C. R. Leslie, R.A. The head of the publican we like. That of the Pharisee is not to us so satisfactory.

No. 133, *Our Saviour in the Garden of Gethsemane*; H. W. Phillips. There is a nice sentiment in the head; the rest is something too much of the sketchy school.

No. 134, *Burchell and Sophia*; W. Mulready, R.A. A picture such as this artist only can paint, and one which we should never tire in praising, had we not exhausted our vocabulary of encomium on the same artist's *chef d'œuvre* of last year; to which this does not yield a single atom in excellence. It is a picture enough, in itself, to immortalize, not merely the artist, but the period in which he lives.

No. 135, *Children at Play*; C. R. Leslie, R.A. A beautiful bit of truth. A young lady not old enough to know of how much consequence she may be, but too old not to feel that she is somebody now, reclines in her landau, contrived of two chairs; while her young brother, seated on a coach box, for the occasion, formed by another chair and some elegantly bound books, which he has no doubt appropriated to the purpose without permission, has harnessed to the whole a couple of ponies in the shape of two still younger brothers; the least of whom, a lovely young chap with rich yellow curls, he seems to find some difficulty in keeping in order. The picture is painted with all the mastery of pencil with which Mr. Leslie has been so long celebrated.

No. 139, *Banks of the Thames, near Bray*; A. Vickers. Very nice.

No. 140, *Giving Alms*; C. Landseer, R.A. This picture is the first disappointment we have met with. The absence of fine drawing is made the more apparent in this production from the excellence that surrounds. Mr. Landseer is yet a young man, and has all the accomplishment of a fine painter but that of fine drawing, and that one is quite within his reach. He must work with a will, or he will be passed by a hundred young ones now crowding forward. The picture is clever in composition, both as to arrangement and colour, but there is not a figure in it that does not want putting to rights some way or other.

No. 142, *Portrait of Miss Ellen Young*; T.

Webster, R.A. Quite a *bijou*; full of infantine expression and delicate finish.

No. 143, *Toy, a favourite Spaniel*; A. Cooper, R.A. Mr. Cooper paints spaniels better than Madame Whartons.

No. 146, *The Irish Girls and the Fairy*; D. Maclise, R.A. One of the difficulties of an actor is that he has to play *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *King Lear* with the same countenance. This is not a natural difficulty to the artist; but he may make it so; and Mr. Maclise does make it so. All his characters are repetitions of the same model. Here we have the same girl twice over in the same picture. The painting is, as usual, hard, and generally deficient in texture. We find, moreover, that the humour which should characterise the subject is also a failure.

No. 148, *A Female, with a book-illustrative of a passage in Isaiah*; C. W. Cope, A. The two hands and the book in this picture are beautifully painted. The head we do not like so well. There is an unpleasant thinness in the nose.

No. 157, *Serena among the Salvage People*; the landscape by J. J. Chalon, R.A., the figures by A. E. Chalon, R.A. There is a fine Titianesque effect about this painting. The landscape, a large upright, is in a grand style of art, and the sleeping female well drawn; the whole forming a work full of high pretension, well supported. We do not entirely comprehend the hand of the male figure in the foreground of the picture.

No. 159, *Two Lovers that are embracing, in illustration of the following verse* :—

'Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer;  
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy house is still here.'

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

D. R. Maclise, R.A. This picture is very successful as a composition, and we are quite satisfied with the expression, as being the intention of the artist. There is sentiment everywhere; in the head, in the action of the hands, and in the entire of the arrangement. There is also texture in the drapery in parts; but it is found nowhere in the flesh, which, moreover, partakes in too great a degree of the purple hue of the back ground. The hand of the female is something coarse in model. The picture is after all a very desirable specimen of the artist.

No. 160, *A Study from Nature*; R. Rothwell. One of Mr. Rothwell's very beautifully treated heads.

No. 168, *The Right Hon. Sir Frederick Pollock, Knight, Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer*; S. Lawrence. Well painted, and like the man.

No. 169, *On the Zuyder Zee*; C. Stanfield, R.A. The water a little metallic; may be—perhaps not. The rest full of beautiful art.

No. 170, *The Wooing of Katherine, vide Taming of the Shrew*; A. L. Egg. Warm in colour, and masterly in painting. Expression happy, with rich consistency in atmosphere and general light. The drawing fine; excepting that the leg stretched out wants perspective foreshortening. Choosing the attitudes was selecting a difficulty, and the picture is harmed by it.

No. 171, *A Sawpit, in Devonshire*; W. Havell. A clever, Hobbins-like picture.

No. 178, *Noah's Sacrifice; the Ark resteth on Ararat, the Bow is set in the Cloud*; D. Maclise, R.A. There is so much emphasis in all the doings of this artist, that they challenge sterner criticism than those of almost any other painter. The gigantic sketch by Mr. Etty does not seem to have been considered at all; and in it we complain of want of attention to study; while in the picture of Mr. Maclise, we see that there has been much of consideration, and we are tempted to impugn judgment. Here we have the patriarch, in the foreground centre, in the act of sacrificing a kid upon an altar of savage rock; on his right hand are his wife and his three sons; on the left his son's wives; at his feet are a variety of fruit, ducks, chickens, &c. prepared, as it appears, for cooking. There are also two lambs, which we may not forget to mention, as presenting the finest specimen of texture we have ever seen

by Mr. Maclise. Edwin Landseer might be vain of their production. There is also a vase and salver; but whether of glass or metal deponent sayeth not. Beyond, almost at the peak of the mountain, is the ark; from which the animals are departing in couples, as they are wont to do in all the early prints on the subject. In the middle distance is a variety of skeletons of antediluvian men and animals; about which we shall say something presently. The whole is contained, as it were, by the rainbow arch, which is at one end between the spectator and some of the animals. There does not seem a portion of this picture that has not been studied carefully; but we believe almost entirely upon false principle in art. We have often in *THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL* insisted upon consideration as to ground plan in a picture. We will now illustrate its necessity from the work before us. Noah, if we look to his feet, is upon the same parallel in the picture as the three wives of his sons; and yet he has his arm stretched out and fore-shortened towards the spectator, while his hand rests upon an altar standing in a plain some considerable distance beyond the young women. The arm is as bad, therefore, as anything in Hogarth's plate of false perspective, and it looks a dummy. This is a very serious fault in the picture, that will grow into monstrous prominence as it gets familiar. The head of Noah is small, injuring the intellectuality of his appearance; and his drapery is of carved stone. Of the group on his right, the youth leaning on the spear is of a very high class of art; beautifully, exquisitely drawn, and natural as a composition. The mother is also very beautifully composed, and the other standing figure is sufficient; but the kneeling man is very unsatisfactory, the arms are both bad, the shadow colour untrue, and that fourpenny Birmingham br.-och bracelet most offensive anachronism. The females on the opposite side are but repetitions of the Irish girls we had just seen conversing with the fairy, and have no adaptation whatever in countenance or costume to the circumstances in which they are placed. Then why have we the mid-distance strewn with skeletons? Are we to suppose that decomposition took place so completely in forty days as to pick the bones of all these monsters? or have they been devoured by other monsters of the deep? In either case the bones would lie in heaps, and not remain articulated skeletons, like those that are found in an anatomical museum or an artist's studio. If these things were useful, the licence might be winked at; but they disfigure the picture. Why also has Mr. Maclise selected the most modern breeds of cattle as having inhabited the ark? This is another anachronism that is unjustifiable from its uselessness, and helps to make up a vast amount of wrong committed against common sense as well as art in this production. A production, nevertheless, that has a grandeur of its own that escapes analysis. So much does a little that is very first-rate sanctify great wrong in art.

No. 179, *Autumn—The Shepherd's Repose*; A. W. William. A very fine richly-toned landscape.

No. 180, *The Hero of a Hundred Fights*; J. M. W. Turner, R.A. This picture has something to do with the casting of the Wellington statue. We do not know what; but it is a glorious picture for colour, and we have not lately been in the habit of asking Mr. Turner for a reason for any of his effects. We know they are there, and that is sufficient.

No. 181, *Portrait of John Bright, M.P.*; J. P. Knight, R.A. Very characteristic; both of the man and the artist's style.

No. 185, *Portrait of a Lady*; J. Watson Gordon, A. A very capital portrait, full of individuality and masterly handling.

No. 186, *Portrait of Mr. Van Amburgh, as he appeared with his Animals at the London Theatres. Painted for Field-marshal the Duke of Wellington*; E. Landseer, R.A. The artist is very careful to tell us that this picture is of a subject not his choosing. He was quite right to repudiate the responsibility. Here is much very fine painting positively thrown away in the production of a

picture that is only fit for the outside of a wild beast show.

No. 187, *The Charity Boy's Debut*; J. Collinson. A little chap being clothed for the first time in the voluntary subscription costume, amidst the gibes of a most unamiable family of brothers and sisters. This represents too much of the dirty side of human nature to be very pleasant to look at. It is very well painted as to detail, but breadth is generally sacrificed, or not at all taken into account.

No. 188, *Toilet Musings*; S. A. Hart, R.A. This is a very nice half-length of a female figure; the flesh well painted. We very much prefer pictures like this to many that Mr. Hart produces, having more pretension.

No. 195, *The Village*; W. T. Witherington, R.A. A very beautiful landscape; the foreground delicious; the silver brook beyond bright and sparkling. All true and all elegant in form and choice of composition.

No. 203, *From the Garden just gathered*; G. Lance. A beautiful specimen of the artist, added to the other riches the room contains.

No. 204, *The Invention of the Stocking Loom*; A. Elmore, A. William Lee, of St. John's College, Cambridge, while watching his wife's fingers when knitting, conceives the idea of imitating them by a machine. The upper portion of the female, knitting, with the child in her arms, is very beautiful, and drawn sufficiently well, though not remarkable for refinement as to model; but there is much difficulty to conceive correctness in the lower limbs, the drapery of which is mean. The male figure, as a whole, is more satisfactory, and the picture, as to colour, is generally effective. Mr. Elmore has much to do in drawing, to maintain his position.

No. 205, *A Recollection of Spain*; D. Roberts, R.A. A magnificent interior of a cathedral, full of air and gorgeous architectural decoration.

No. 207, *George Hudson, Esq., M.P.*; F. Grant, A. A full length portrait of the railway king, and the very *beau ideal* of a hopulent man, "with fair round belly with good capon lined."

(To be continued.)

#### THE ROYAL SCOTCH ACADEMY AND THE ROYAL INSTITUTION OF THE FINE ARTS.

THESE two societies are in dispute, and have published statements and counter-statements; from these we find that artists in Scotland, as everywhere else, have been what is called patronised by parties who have used their means for their own benefit. Thus the Royal Institution has most generously accorded to the artists the use of the Institution's apartments for the exhibition of modern art, in return for which it has paid the entire of the Institution expenses from the money received from those who went to see the painters' pictures. The painters were given to suppose that the net proceeds, after the expenses of the exhibitions were paid, were to be directed to purposes connected with art and artists; but the Institution committee chose to consider the expenses of the exhibition to mean the entire expenses of the building; and, after this had been satisfied, it has, with the exception of some £488 11s. 2d., expended the remainder in books, pictures, and picture-frames that now exist as the property of the Institution. Here we have the sharp practice of committees. The injustice and illiberality of this would, between man and man, have been at once self-evident; but a committee-man is not a man, he is an attorney. He is acting for another, and he may not give away a chance. He repudiates individual conscience and substitutes a committee-man's conscience; and conscientiously takes everything for his client, the Institution, that he can lay his hands upon. In Scotland this state of things could not go on for ever. These northerners were cannie lads with the slate and pencil, and they very quietly introduced an accountant into the matter, and he has produced a variety of entertaining statements in which the prudence of the

Institution in the selecting of committee-men is placed in a striking point of view.

It appears the Royal Institution had its origin in 1819, as a private association for the encouragement of the Fine Arts in Scotland. It was composed, not of artists, but of admirers of art. The first intention of the institution was to have exhibitions of ancient art; and exhibitions of that nature took place in the years 1819 and 1820. In 1821, it was suggested that an exhibition of the works of living artists should, for that year, be substituted, and the following resolution appears upon the minutes:—"Appoint the assistant-secretary to receive the money, which is to be paid to the treasurer's account, after paying the servants' wages, and incidental expenses. And further direct that the balance, after deducting all charges of the exhibition, be kept separate from the other funds of the institution." The effect of this arrangement on the funds of the institution were as follows:—

The entries of subscriptions paid by members of the institution from the commencement to Jan. 1821 .....	£	s.	d.
1821 .....	1,125	0	0
Ditto, to 31st Dec. 1825 .....	850	0	0
Ditto, to 31st Dec. 1829 .....	1,575	0	0
	3,550	0	0
Add gross proceeds of ancient exhibitions .....	531	0	0
Total funds of the institution	£4,081	0	0
Funds realized by modern exhibitions:—			
	£	s.	d.
Gross proceeds of 1821-2-4 and 5 .....	1,870	3	0
Ditto 1826-7-8 and 9 .....	3,348	19	6
	£5,219	2	6

These are the comparative contributions of the artists and the Institute. The artists, however, receive £388 11s. 2d., and what is called a donation of £100, while the Royal Institution most magnanimously keep possession of books, pictures and prints to the value of £2,845 1s. 9d. Here we have the oyster and the shell illustrated. The report contains several pages of abstract, from the accounts of the Royal Institution, from which it appears that the artists claim in equity, a large amount upon the funds of the Institution. After the close of the exhibition of 1829, the associated artists, finding that their most successful exhibitions, instead of being merely subjected to due deductions, were absorbed in meeting the general obligations and expenses of the Royal Institution, finally bade adieu to the patronage of that body, and there has been ever since an increasing bitterness of feeling between the parties, which has at length found vent in the statement and counter-statement to which we refer. In conclusion, we congratulate art and artists on the approach of that period, when the word patron, defined by Dr. Johnson to be a "wretch, who supports with insolence and is repaid with flattery," shall not be used with reference to them or their profession.

#### DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.

MR. GEO. COOPER IN THE CHAIR.

THE second portion of a paper, "On the Scenery and Decorations of Theatres," was read by Mr. John Dwyer, V.P. The subject was resumed with an examination of the advantages derivable from placing scenery obliquely on the stage, referring of course, to the wings and set scenes, the flat or back scenes being in the usual position. Some difficulties in perspective having been alluded to, it was stated that for drawing rooms and apartments, the scenery ought to be arranged with due regard to the ground plan of what is to be represented. This would enable actors to enter or take leave in a complete manner, they would not be observable by those in the side-boxes when approaching, or lingering for that purpose; and their

voices would reverberate and be carried into the body of the theatre.

A scene in the *Flowers of the Forest*, now being performed at the Adelphi, was described as an example; and as also clearly shewing, that with some attention to ground plan in setting out an interior, together with an introduction of bay windows, octagonal recesses, doors in appropriate places, &c., the variety and perfection of scenery would be greatly advanced.

Mr. Dwyer then directed attention to the principles of design which he considered as mainly divisible into two classes, Ideal and Constructive. The former embodying certain characteristics without reference to natural laws, and the latter demanding strict attention to the fundamental principles of composition in art. Ideality, it was said, had, in some extravaganzas been developed in a surprising and ingenious manner; and delicate conceptions in a refined taste were frequently introduced with that remarkable freedom peculiar to this school of art. Some chalk sketches, designed for the scenery to the *Enchanted Forest*, lately being performed at the Lyceum, were exhibited as illustrations of the vigorous manner and spirit of this class of compositions. Constructive design was described as necessary to architectural subjects. The opinion of Professor Cocknell and others were quoted in acknowledgment of the artistic talent, together with accurate knowledge of the architecture of remote ages, which are frequently displayed in our theatres; and Mr. Dwyer suggested that if the attention of the students (of the Government School of Design) in decorative art were directed to the contemplation of the better scenic productions, having their beauty and principles of design explained, this would be found one of the most practical and efficient modes of acquiring knowledge. He regretted that many admirable works of art executed for theatres should have had such a transient existence; leaving scarcely a trace behind them. The creative fancy and design in numerous instances ought to have been preserved at any cost; and he argued that students in art would, in a careful contemplation of scenery, realize more freshness and originality in ideal and constructive design than from any other class of examples. Knowing its power and the vast unexplored range, he felt an earnest desire that scene painting should be fully and properly estimated; for engraved examples might offer an interesting collection of the most ingenious fancies of the most eminent artists.

Perspective, Mr. Dwyer observed, constitutes one of the greatest obstacles to perfection in scenic effects; and he alluded to the defects which ordinarily appear in set scenes, from being made up of various parts placed at intervals along the stage, each part drawn probably at a different perspective angle. The positive manner of treating perspective for theatrical purposes was explained. While the situation of spectators varies greatly, the treatment must necessarily be imperfect. It is usual to set out scenery, therefore, with two points of sight; but he preferred, in architectural subjects, to have three, and to have them placed near the centre; so as to counteract the effect of opposition in the horizontal features of the wings, whereby the scenes are frequently made to appear hoisted. Scenes shewing ground in perspective are frequently spoiled by the visible junction of the wings and the floor, thus disturbing the illusion of distance attempted by the artist; and he would tint the lower portion of the scene with colour similar to that of the stage.

Architectural drop scenes were frequently objectionable from the same cause; and he maintained that they should never be thus applied, but only as pictures within frames, if at all.

The effects of linear and aerial perspective were adverted to, and the softening influences of colour in aerial perspective were described as pertaining to the highest order of artistic talent. Scenes of this kind are composed of a number of parts, the "flats" representing sky and extreme distance, while the middle distance and foreground are broken into picturesque forms. Float-lights are placed behind these parts, imparting brilliant effects that

no colouring can attain to, and resembling the sunny spot of a landscape.

Linear perspective required, it was said, very great consideration; and failures in street-architecture, and similar subjects, are often evident to the most uninitiated observer.

The artist, however, has to contend with serious disadvantages from not being permitted to set out this class of scenes upon the stage, instead of the painting-room; and the manner in which they are produced ought to be borne in mind, when judging of their merits. Street architecture offers a peculiar difficulty from the actors' influencing the scale by their comparative size. This illustrates the absurdity of placing a facade of the National Gallery, or other well-known building, within the area of a theatrical scene, without a proper regard to distance. As an instance of a favourable effect, he named a scene in the *School for Schenning*, at the Haymarket, representing portions of streets abutting in the quay, at Boulogne, which he considered far removed from a common-place effect, and that it also testified what might be obtained by placing scenery obliquely.

Mr. Dwyer next alluded to the taste and refinement which Madame Vestris had first presented to the public in her drawing room scenes, elegantly and completely furnished, and he also mentioned, with commendation, some of the interiors produced at the Haymarket in a similar spirit. He admired this perfect kind of representation, and was pleased with the manner in which it had been extended to exteriors, garden scenes, &c., and he referred to the garden scene in the *Lady of Lyons*, at Sadler's Wells, in which the stage is covered with a painted cloth imitative of gravel walks, grass plots, shrubberies, &c., producing together a very superior effect. In a snow scene in the *Battle of Life*, at the Lyceum, the stage was covered with painted canvass very successfully; and in the *Flowers of the Forest*, the scene of a village church, with well worn paths, &c., similarly treated, was equally skilful and pleasing. Mr. Dwyer commented upon the fits and starts usual to these matters; stating that the better scenes were exceptions, while the imperfect school retained the predominance. As one of the earliest and most perfect illusions ever depicted, he described a scene introduced in the opera of *Acis and Galatea*. It represented a sea-shore, with picturesque foreground and mid-distance, the coming wave dashed in foaming eddies upon the beach and swept the shore with frothy surf, receding, it again returned accompanied by silvery notes and wild cadences issuing from sea shells. The action of the opera proceeded while the bounding billow then spent itself on a shelving shore. This was, he considered, a truly exquisite combination of artistic and mechanical skill. The ideal grandeur of the composition was a triumph in scenic art, from its simplicity, truthfulness, and beauty. The last scene in the ballet of *Coralie*, at her Majesty's Theatre, was also fully described as an eminent example of scenic display. Mr. Dwyer then noticed the machinery pertaining to theatres, and recommended the use of painted canvass placed on rollers, sufficiently lofty to dispense with the series of "curved, scolloped, and straight fly-borders" ordinarily representing sky, &c. He next reviewed the inconsistencies which occur in scenery and "properties," being of a different period in character and style to that of historical dramas,—mentioning a scene in *Lucia de Lammermoor*, at the Italian Opera House, Covent Garden. It represents a Norman interior furnished with one chair, of modern French style, and one table of doubtful period; the story of the opera being in 1669. He contended that those adjuncts are important, and that if costume, manners and customs are rendered faithfully, they should receive equal attention.

The progress in these matters of costume from the time of Garrick was noticed; and the properties introduced by John Kemble, Planche, and others were mentioned with encomiums. The increasing taste of actors, shown in careful dressing and wearing apparel, with a bearing in accordance

with the period represented, was also favourably commended, as displaying research and accurate study of their art. Mr. Dwyer drew attention to the force with which the varieties of colours in dresses may be developed by having regard to the background, and to the position of the actors. An acknowledgment was made of the elevated taste and artistic arrangements which Mr. Macready had frequently shown in groupings and tableaux, and he concluded with the expression of a desire to find a proper feeling more generally established between the artist, actor, and manager, so that the capabilities of combined talents might produce results at once gratifying, elevating, and promotive of the welfare of the arts. The subject was announced for discussion at the next meeting, on Wednesday, the 12th instant.

### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

#### PROFESSOR WILLIS'S LECTURES ON ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE.

In the fourth lecture, Mr. Willis continued the description of the Temple of Jerusalem. After recapitulating some of the observations of the preceding lecture, the professor went on to say, that he had found great difficulty in making out the restoration of the temple; for the descriptions given were necessarily very vague. There were so many parts which were only described generally, and so many altogether omitted, that it was impossible to arrive at any exact restoration. He was able to make out, that in the portico which went round the outer area, or Court of the Gentiles, on three sides, namely, north, east, and west, there were two rows of columns; on the south side, however, there were four columns, and altogether a different arrangement in the building. The south side was built after the plan of the basilica, there being side and centre aisles. The height of the side aisles was 50 feet; of the centre 100 feet. There was nothing peculiar in this; and there were also the clerestory openings to the centre. In determining the position of the temple, the professor differed from the one usually given. The temple, which was rebuilt after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, had been desecrated by Hadrian, who erected a temple to Jupiter and one to Venus. After the Mahomedan conquest, the Caliph Omar, had fixed on a spot where the mosque now stood which was held most sacred by the Mahomedans; but which the professor proved was not the place of the Holy of Holies, but where the altar had stood; for under it was the cesspool or common sewer, by means of which the blood of the victims sacrificed was carried off. There had been also a temple erected on the south side, when the temple was taken by the Crusaders. The Templars inhabited this spot, which they called the Temple of Solomon. The hospitaliers fixed their residence on Mount Calvary; the mosque of Caliph Omar was octagonal. Indeed, mosques were generally built either circular or octagonal; and the professor considered that the Templars, from seeing this form, had carried it away and copied it in all their subsequent buildings. There was an instance of this in our Temple church; which had, no doubt, been built by the Templars. The area of the temple had been made by art, as he had stated in his previous lecture. Three sides were precipitous; as the spot was quite at the extremity of a range of mountains. The fourth side was cut through; by which it was isolated, and was thus almost impenetrable, according to the art of war as then understood. On the south, vaults had been discovered; over these the lengthened basilica, as he had before observed; and it was curious to observe that the columns of the basilica rested on the piers of the vault below. He had made these observations principally from the account of the Rabbi, which was merely a number of traditions that had been collected together in the third century. The professor said that he venerated traditions; for, however distorted they became, they were almost always founded on truth. He then dilated with minuteness on the size of the area of

the temple; and reconciled, in the clearest manner, many of the apparent discrepancies of former accounts; the details were, however, very minute and elaborate. The Fort, St. Antonia, at the north west angle, was then described—it might be called the citadel of the temple; and here again we have to cite the professor's extremely happy mode of overcoming difficulties. In fact, without following minutely the remarks closely, it would be impossible to do justice to the very acute reasoning by which all his hypotheses were supported. And he concluded a very able and elaborate address, saying that he hoped, on some future occasion, to be able to throw still more light on so interesting a subject.

#### To the Editor of THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL.

SIR,—Agreeing with you in the desirableness of making a great effort to raise the quality of design, as a component in the British school of art. I do not think that any measure could be proposed more likely to assist that effort than the opening of the Life School, at the Royal Academy at six in the morning. It would not only be beneficial in itself, as affording opportunity to the painter students of that Institution, but it would also set an example to other Institutions, that, it is more than probable, would be extensively imitated.

Might not a representation of the desires of a certain number of the students be presented to the council. Artists are known early risers; and I believe that, to many of the visitors, the morning would be preferred to the evening, for the duty they undertake in superintendence. Hoping that this matter may not be forgotten for want of support.

I am, sir,

A well-wisher to the Journal, and  
A STUDENT OF THE ACADEMY.

I enclose my name as one willing to take a part in any proposal having the above for its object.

#### To the Editor of the FINE ARTS' JOURNAL.

SIR,—It is a matter of astonishment to myself and others that *The Builder* should have been so active in its abuse of the Wellington Statue (an affair, in which, although it knew nothing, its ignorance was not a reproach; for it had nothing in common with its department), and so mute in the affair of the British Museum. This building seems to me to present a series of anomalies, of which we have far more reason to be ashamed, than of having used an arch for a pedestal; which is the head and front of our offending in the other matter; the group of masonry in Great Russell-street, striking even casual observers to be the strangest collection that was ever huddled on one site. There is the front of a temple, masking, but partially, a couple of workshops; and flanked at the ends by two small hospitals. *The Builder's* province has to do with this, unless it restricts itself entirely to the lime and hair department. If it does, why meddle with statues? Perhaps *The Builder* dares not find fault on this occasion; or, perhaps, it admires the arrangement; or, perhaps, it does not know anything of the matter. In any case, I trust that this strange compilation will not pass without such sufficient animadversion as shall prove that the entire responsibility rests upon an individual, or a clique, and not upon our character as a nation. I for one protest against the whole affair as a nuisance.

PUBLIC OPINION.

#### To the Editor of the FINE ARTS' JOURNAL.

SIR,—Admiring, as I do, the excellent spirit of your periodical, and trusting that the public will testify their appreciation of this now very rare qualification in a "Fine Arts" journal, you will, perhaps, excuse my troubling you with the consideration of the following suggestion:—

In your 19th No. you have given a capital article on the Royal Academy as a School of Art, in which your mention of the medical profession is at once just and discriminating; but a thought

has struck me since, that we might well copy one part of that profession's proceedings—I mean the publication of the names of the successful students, or rather probationers. Now, I think, if a *daily* paper considers it its business to do this to the medical, an art journal decidedly ought to do the same for the art. To say nothing of the additional subscribers to be thereby obtained for the sake of sending to friends, &c., as I know medical men have done in their case; it would be a pleasure to old stagers like myself to watch the progress of each name in fighting for future fame. I often, indeed, regret, that such a reference as this would make, is not extant, to tell one at times, who of our great artists have been indebted to the Royal Academy for early direction. Knowing I leave this for the best of hands, or rather heads, to decide upon,

I am, yours, &c.

AN ART-LOVER.

Wednesday, 12, Cecil-street, Strand.

[We reply to our correspondent by inserting the following.—Ed.]

ROYAL ACADEMY.—At a council of the Royal Academy of Arts, held on Saturday, the 24th of April, Messrs. Aitchison, Eldred, and Stevens were admitted students in Architecture. The subject given by the president was, "A Design for a Metropolitan Railway Terminus."

#### To the Editor of THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL.

SIR,—There is a painting now exhibiting in Bonc-street, that is called, absurdly—"A Portrait of Charles I.," by Velasquez. Your journal is the only periodical that had the knowledge to detect, and the honesty to describe, the work as what it really is, a *mediocre* performance in the Vandeyck manner. I observe now that the getters up of this speculation publish in their prospectus a number of the obtained approvals of the hoax, from different newspapers. "The proprietor does not want to sell, but may be tempted." His price is £8,000. He asserts that he has travelled several thousand miles to establish the identity of the work, and get its pedigree. I'll tell him its pedigree, as far as it can be traced;—it was among the remaining stock of a picture-dealer, and was sold by auction among the goods of his widow, in a town near Oxford, on her retirement from business as a schoolmistress, for a sum under nine pounds! This magnificent piece was obtained in a room full of picture-dealers, who did not believe it to be worth more. How much of travelling expenses might have been saved had the speculator gone to the right place at first! The getting up of the side-scenery and decorations of this exhibition has been upon a scale infinitely more liberal than the price given for the picture in the first instance. The work is, as you have stated, a tolerableness that has been much tampered with, and the exhibitor is quite right in not allowing his public to come too near.

I am, sir,

A LOOKER-ON.

#### THE DRAMA.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Some of our readers will look upon our present representation of Mrs. Butler in the light of a recantation; and will with difficulty conceive that one and the same actress could have made so contradictory an impression upon the judgment of one and the same individual. We expect this; for we can scarcely conceive a good reason for the difference ourselves, and find it almost impossible to identify the *Julia* of the three first acts of the *Hunchback* of Monday week, with the *Mrs. Beverley* of Wednesday last. We recall nothing from our published opinion of the first performance, while we do not hesitate to rank Mrs. Butler's *Mrs. Beverley* as a higher, a far higher class of artistic delineation than anything we have seen upon the stage for years. We shall not pretend to compare it either with Mrs. Siddons, or Miss O'Neill in the same character, for the pretension, to remember so vividly a

performance of thirty years ago, as to place it fairly side by side with anything approaching it in excellence that is now before us, we consider to be an affectation. Enough to say that the standard created by those actresses, as remaining in our minds, has for the first time since they left the stage, been as it were completely satisfied, and that the beauty of the acting seemed rather to refresh and revive recollections of what we used to witness, than in any case disappoint. We have mentioned the matronly robustness of Mrs. Butler's figure. In the juvenile costume of *Julia* this was a disadvantage that did not present itself in *Mrs. Beverley*. Her dress, moreover, green velvet, gave a nobility to her pose, not, on this occasion, disfigured by the lop-sided affectation to which we called attention last week; and her largeness of person gave breadth, consequence, and dignity to her appearance, that was far more favourable than otherwise. Playfulness is by no means the forte of this lady's art; and in this she resembles her aunt, whose comedy was never satisfactory; indeed there is extant a caricature of her in *Rosalind*, which she attempted in early life. There was no appearance of condescension to act. There was heart and soul in every part, and the audience was always with her, breathless with attention, or tumultuous with applause. Applause be it noted, called forth by delicate artist-like acting, not mere noise; the manner of excitement to which we have been so much of late accustomed. It would be difficult to enumerate the beauties of this piece of acting; had it been the opening part, to introduce Mrs. Butler to the town, her reputation would have, by this time, been very different from what it is; but there has been a foolish obstinacy in insisting that *Julia* was a hit, that leaves the actress up-hill work for the rest of her engagement. The first scene of the *Gamester*—nay, the very first speech of the scene with which the play opens, awakened our expectations to something long uncommon. It seemed at once a return to the ancient orthodox study of the stage; the intense filling up; the reality of every line and word; the exquisite adaptation of the finest voice that we have ever heard for delicate delineation of detached expression, whether in the gentleness of persuasion or the loudness of excited passion, accompanied by the truthful watchfulness of the eyes. It was like a delicious *genre* painting by Rose Cheri, magnified into the breadth, power, and severity of the most exacting high art. Her love of husband and of home, and her continued excuses for every change brought against him, obtained the love as well as the approbation of the audience from the beginning; and we never saw the feeling of the spectators more early become interested. Her nervousness during the first scene, her start at the knocking, her anxiety at every sound, were so richly made out, in by-play that had been studied until study was not observable, made her acting of almost greater interest, while silent than while speaking. The confiding innocence of her manner where *Stukeley* hints at reports relating to *Beverley*,

"What thoughts? I have no thoughts that wrong my husband,"

was said with such an unsuspecting artlessness as to rebuke the man far more than if uttered as a reproach. And how her manner seemed to foil him when she replies to his hesitating excuse that he did not intend to alarm her suspicion.

"Nor have you, sir. Who told you of suspicion? I have a heart it cannot reach."

There was a finished, quiet, gentle beauty in this acting, that will, we hope set some now on the stage to a re-consideration of the drama as an art. And then, her—

"Don't upbraid him, Charlotte!"

was a living evidence of the effect of which we had but the tradition.

Again, we would refer to her alternate watchfulness of each, in the dispute between her husband and *Lewson*, relating to the character of *Stukeley*; so intense, so ready to interfere at the moment when interference became a duty, accom-

panied by the right womanly desire not to be too early intrusive; as founded on deep research and refined intelligence. This was followed by the graceful alacrity with which she gives up her jewels, and her joy that so slight a sacrifice would restore him to some calmness; all was full, all satisfactory, all entralling the audience, until a glance of her eye fascinated them to nothing but herself.

In the scene in which *Stukeley* returns to the charge, and speaks plainly his intention, her power was magnificence itself. Her proudly expressed indignation at *Stukeley's* interference in—

"You would resent for both then; but know, sir, my injuries are my own, and do not need a champion."

And when *Stukeley* speaks of the recipient of her jewels, her quiet reply—

Mrs. B.—"I gave them to a husband."

Stukeley.—Who gave them to a —

Mrs. B.—What? Whom did he give them to?

Stukeley.—A Mistress.

Mrs. B.—No! on my life he did not—"

The electric effect with which the last line was given, communicated itself to the whole house; and her, as it were, examination into her own thoughts, for evidence for or against the assertion, while *Stukeley* continues—

"Himself confessed it, with curses on her avarice,"

followed by a determined denial that changes itself to scorn of her informant.

"I'll not believe it. He has no mistress; or, if he has, why is it told to me?"

After this, during the continuation of the scene, agony seems to work within her. She does not seem so much influenced by jealousy or resentment, as grief at the falsehood of one she doated on; and we observe the accompanying expressions, that show themselves in her face in almost self-congratulation at the increasing evidence of calumnious motives, that grows stronger and stronger as *Stukeley* develops his intentions in making his approaches. Her mature suspicions are shown in the sarcasm of—

"And who is he?"

Then the manner in which the kneeling declarations of passion by the scoundrel is received, by her powerful but deliberate accentuation of the passage, with a harrowing expression of countenance during its delivery, that has now no parallel:—

"Would that these eyes had heaven's own lightning, that, with a look, thus I might blast thee!"

And the Siddons's dignity of attitude with which she pointed to the door, and intimated—

"Your absence, sir, would please me."

All, all was excellence; no mannerism; no trick; fine, exquisite judgment, regulating not confining impulse.

Our adverting to the detail of the following scenes would be but repetition of high encomium; but we cannot refuse ourselves to allude to the passage in the prison scene, in which, her husband, after telling her that he had sold the reversion of his uncle's estate, bids her—

"Come, kneel, and curse me!"

Her manner of throwing herself on her knees, and praying, with her rich voice, so solemnly and beautifully for his welfare, was a perfection in declamation; while her shout at the accusation of murder—

"His hands from blood! Whose blood?"

her attack, and point blank denial, when *Jarvis* is called as witness of the quarrel between *Lewison* and *Beverley* in the streets—

"No! I am sure he did not."

Jar.—Or if I did—

Mrs. B.—'Tis false, old man! They had no quarrel; there was no cause for quarrel."

and her shriek of joy when *Lewson*, himself came in, were all so happy in conception and complete in execution, that we found ourselves cheering among the rest, in the excitement common to the entire theatre.

The harrowing despair with which she received *Beverley's* confession that he had taken poison,

and which seemed to absorb her to the conclusion of the piece, was a continuity of exquisite truth that left nothing to be wished for; excepting that we think the hysterical shriek at the end, when she returns to throw herself on the body, broke the silence unpleasantly. We think that had this been managed without a noise, the keeping would have been more complete. We have said so much of Mrs. Butler, that our space does not afford us the opportunity of saying all we would of Mr. Creswick's most excellent personation of *Beverley*. It was a most original, intense, and masterly delineation throughout. His first scene with *Jarvis* was beautifully fine, and the passage:—

"Oh, I have played the boy! dropping my counters in the stream, and reaching to redeem them, lost myself!"

perfect, and musical, and full of pathos. Indeed the actor almost excused the foolishness, and we almost said knavery, that attaches itself to the gambler's character. We did not think of his folly, we were so full of his anguish, and self-reproach. His quarrel with *Stukeley* was replete with excellent acting. But the scene with *Lewson* was much marred by the entire incompleteness of Mr. John Webster, who seemed to have no conception whatever of what he had to do. The last slice of pudding had undone him. The extreme wretchedness of *Beverley* never was more admirably depicted than by Mr. Creswick in this play; and he will, we have no doubt, have fully established himself in the metropolis by his acting during this engagement. The *Daily News* chooses to assert that Mr. Creswick is an imitator of Macready, this is so utterly unfounded that we cannot call it a mistake. He was, of course, called on with Mrs. Butler at the end. The house was not so crowded as we expect to see it before Mrs. Butler's series of performance have been completed. We have to add to all this, that if Mr. Ryder was not the best *Stukeley* we could imagine, he was most efficient, never in any instance letting the business flag, or injuring the effect of the other actors by his own inattention. We are not in the habit of praising Mr. Ryder; but, on this occasion, there was much to admire, and it was, on the whole, a sensible, clever piece of acting. Indeed, we found ourselves, one time something hearty in applause, a thing so contrary to our usuality, that we instinctively turned round to kick ourselves; but we let it pass, and hail the symptom as a promise of the abandonment of the hard, stilted style we are used to expect from the actor. As for Mr. J. Webster's *Lewson*, it had much better have been left out. After the play was a very foolish farce that was hissed by the audience, though the *Daily News* was amused by it. We would advise this paper to look well after its theatrical critic.

THE TRUNKMAKER.

#### THE DRAMA OUT OF TOWN.

THERE is a class of mis-called managers, who "scour the country round," doing every possible injury to the profession by which they attempt to gain their daily bread—beings, who, although possessed of a name, can lay no claim to a "local habitation"—they are ever on the move, but little encumbered with property, and can, at the shortest notice, change the scene of their brief managerial existence. Their crime is neither their poverty nor their humbleness, but a total disregard of that common honesty which ought to exist between man and man; they speculate, not upon their own skill, but on the credulity of others; without means they possess themselves of towns, no matter where, or how, and there by painting in glowing colours, their prospects of success, succeed in luring a body of people to join them, who but too soon discover the fatal error they have committed. The theatres are fit-ups, the managers are men of straw, their stock-in-trade one or two ill-painted scenes, a few books of the worst description of pieces, and a large share of impudence. The public soon become acquainted with the real state of affairs, and, as a

natural consequence, withhold their patronage; the "poor players" must live, and therefore levy contributions where they can, each day sinking "deeper and deeper still" in the abyss of poverty, until with *Macbeth* they can exclaim—

"There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here."

From a sample, a whole is judged, and hence it follows that theatricals, as a body, are made to suffer for the indiscretion of a few, and many a town that would support a respectable company of comedians, is lost to the profession. Tunbridge Wells, Newbury, Taunton, and many others, can no longer boast, as they were wont to do, of rational places of amusement. The loss will not be felt by such managers as the foregoing (who, in most instances, have not the remotest claim to the name of actor), for they never visit the same town twice. It is the honest, well-meaning portion (who are as a hundred to one of the other), that are punished, by the blotting out of the theatres from the catalogue.

All who follow the stage as a profession, and feel the least devotion to the cause—who hold the drama in its true estimation, and would exalt it amongst the institutions of the country—all who wish to rescue theatricals from the calumny emanating from ignorance—superstition or vindictiveness, should, as a matter of self-defence, oppose and discourage, by every available means, all such pettifoggery, dishonest beings, who, themselves lost to all the better feelings of honesty, endeavour to sink others to their own level. Let actors shun such worthless, contaminating, self-sufficient, wrongly denominated managers; and let dramatic agents pause ere they lend them their aid; let not the "auri sacra fames" tempt men to swerve from the principle of right—to lose sight of the general interest, and fair fame, of the wide spread drama, by sending professors of any grade to mushroom managers. If agency, and it is almost past belief, can so degrade itself—pandering to dishonesty—it would be well were it annihilated, and other means devised for raising dramatic recruits; but

"Let the gall'd jade winee."

the well-doing upright agents "withers will be unrung" by the foregoing observations.

But evil has been done, and to prevent, if possible, a repetition of anything that may prove adverse to theatricals, ought to be the desire and study of all who follow or admire the profession. Actors exist not for themselves alone; they are closely knit up with the drama, whose prosperity as a source of public amusement and instruction, greatly depends on the good name of those who are destined to represent it as perfectly as human ingenuity, attention, and skill, can devise. Those who labour in the pleasing task, should bend up every nerve to the carrying out of the drama's first and great design—the correcting of vice, and the portraying of virtue in all its beauteous form. Nor is the task a difficult one; a steadfast determination is alone required.

"Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt."

Defaulters in mercantile transactions are posted. Even in the sporting world, the unprincipled are held up to odium. Then why should not the black sheep of the dramatic profession, be they managers, actors, or agents, be also exposed? But few examples would be required to purge the profession, especially from such managers as those attempted to be described. Without receivers there would be no thieves, and were there no wondering, eleemosynary, mis-called managers, there would be less misery, while the reputation of the dramatic profession would not be so liable to suffer in the estimation of the public.

"For who shall go about  
To cozen fortune, and be honourable  
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume  
To wear an undeserved dignity."

But let all of the sock and buskin bear in mind that—

"The purest treasure mortal times afford,  
Is spotless reputation; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay."

THEATRE ROYAL, BIRMINGHAM.—On Monday, *Venice Preserved* was performed to a very indifferent house. On Tuesday, *Thirty years of a Gambler's Life*, for the benefit of Mr. Lowe. On Wednesday, *Othello*, for the benefit of Mr. Swinbourn. On Thursday, *The Quaker*, and a concert, and Mr. H. Phillips the star. And on Friday, Miss Montague finished her engagement in the play of *Love's Sacrifice* and *Black Eyed Susan*, being for her benefit, her father playing *William*. On Monday Mrs. Warner and Mr. Graham will commence a short engagement in the tragedy of *Macbeth*.

LIVERPOOL.—The new season, under a new management commenced at the Theatre Royal on Monday last; the feature being the Arabs from the Surrey. No great novelty, as during the past winter a similar species of performance took place nightly at the amphitheatre. At the Royal a more legitimate entertainment would have been more appropriate. The business has been moderately good. At the Amphitheatre Mr. John Scott has been playing with considerable success in the regular drama—the which, by the bye, is always attractive at this theatre with a star. Miss Le Batt is fulfilling a short engagement, as are also Cony and Blanchard. The manager, Mr. Copeland, has presented an excellent bill of fare, and a numerous audience has nightly enjoyed the treat. Hammond will re-open the Adelphi on Monday for a month, when he resigns the lesseeship and management of that establishment. It is supposed he will once more try his fortune at the "Liver."

NEWARK.—W. Robertson has opened the theatre with a good working company; but, from some cause or other, it receives but a small amount of support. In this, as well as in many other towns, it is evident the "actor's occupation's gone." Yet Newark is in the midst of an agricultural population, and the produce of the earth is fetching a high price; but the march of intellect and a love for the drama are confined to manufacturing and commercial districts.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—The dramatic season terminated on Monday; the performances being for the benefit of Mrs. Davis. On taking a retrospective view, upon the whole, the manager must be congratulated on his success. Yet we cannot but think that he might have provided a better company than he did; nor do we believe it sound policy for a manager always to thrust himself forward in the best parts, whatever may be his extent of talent. Many of the pieces (especially Shaksperian), were well put upon the stage; still, there were difficulties which, it is hoped, will be remedied hereafter. Favouritism should be eschewed, and real merit only brought forward.

BATH.—On Tuesday Mrs. Nisbett appeared at the Theatre Royal, and drew together a numerous and fashionable audience. She is a legitimate star and worthy of all the patronage bestowed upon her. The corps dramatique ably aided her efforts, and the performances went off with *éclat*. The season is fast drawing to a conclusion.

MANCHESTER.—Miss H. Faucit has succeeded Macready at the Royal, and during the past week has played to a numerous audience, although the general business of the theatre has much fallen off of late. G. V. Brooke continues the hero of the establishment, and the acting of Mrs. C. Gill continues to be greatly admired. At the Queen's, the pressure of the times is severely felt, and the smallness of the patronage bestowed upon it falling far short of what could by possibility be expected.

Cooke's Amphitheatre has also suffered for want of support, and the manager has therefore deemed it advisable to close.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The theatre is doing a fair share of business, chiefly owing to the energy of the present, compared with the inactivity of the late management. Dillon, Widdicombe, Salter, Mrs. Martin, Brookes, and Miss Garthwaite are well spoken of.

NORWICH.—The manager, anxious to treat the public with a *bonne bouche*, engaged Mr. H. Far-

ren, a young man whose only claim as an actor, is his name. Had he the talent of his sire, but little garnish would be needed; but in the absence of the one, a quantity of the other was provided by the engaging of Sig. Plimmeri, whose gymnastic performance was the most extraordinary and attractive of the two. Mr. H. Farren (in large letters) played *Hecate*, and *Frederick* in *Of Age to-morrow*, for his benefit. The attendance at the theatre has been meagre indeed, Mr. Davenport's management not having hit the taste of the Norwicheonians.

ROCHESTER.—*One o'Clock, or the Knight and the Wood Demon*, was produced on Monday, in a very efficient manner; the scenery, and other necessary adjuncts, being new and appropriate. Melville's *Hardyknuht*, and Carfield's *Willkind*, were well acted. The drama has been repeated during the week, having proved highly attractive.

## MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The great event of the season took place on Tuesday evening,—the appearance of Jenny Lind in *Roberto Il Diavolo*. Several hours before the doors were open, a throng was collected, ready and anxious to make a push for places, and the crush in the house was tremendous; many, after all, not being able to gain admittance. So much expectation had been raised, that some were determined, at all hazards, to hear the Swedish Nightingale on her first night. When she first came on the stage, in the character of *Alice*, she was received with such a tumult of applause, as almost to stagger her, but she vindicated the expectation by her performance. Jenny Lind's voice is a soprano, of considerable power, but without the natural facility which generally characterizes this quality, although she possesses perfect command over it. In speaking, however, of Jenny Lind, it is necessary to be general; by this we mean that her great power lies in a combination of excellencies more than in any single attribute, in each of which she may possibly be surpassed by others. In all that she does there is evidence of intellect; in all that she does there is evidence of intense study; and yet, in the representation, art is lost in truth to nature. The delivery of the music, the inflection of voice, the motion, the attitude, and the expression of face, all harmonize. Her attitudes are all beautifully adapted to the situations; and the motions, which, with singers in general, is confined to sawing the air with the arms, with her, are made exactly to suit the occasion, nothing wanting, nothing superabundant. Jenny Lind never loses sight of the character; she identifies herself completely with her part, and thus compelled applause for mere power of acting where others would have lost the opportunity, because they did not happen at the moment to be prominent. It is not too much to say that her face beamed with intelligence whenever she was worked up. The expression of the eyes and mouth would at times have well served for the representation of a Madonna.

Her voice, though perfectly under control, does not flow with the richness and fullness of the Italians; it requires to be produced; its powers have been gained by art. The shake is perfect; but Jenny Lind must not be judged of from mere vocal effect, she must be seen as well as heard. It is the intensity which she displays throughout the whole that forms the great charm of her representation; that power of concentration enables her to infuse vigour and beauty in the minutest detail, whether of singing or acting. Such was the impression she made in the character of *Alice*, in this opera. Whether she will be equally successful in other parts remains to be seen; one thing, however, is certain, that her individuality will always infuse a freshness into any character: with her there can be no reproduction, it will be a creation. At the conclusion she was called for three times, and received with a shower of bouquets. Staudigl was exceedingly fine in *Bertram*, and the other parts were well sustained

by Castellani, Frasehini and Gardoni. Nor ought we to omit mention of Rosati who was most fascinating. In the last scene of the second act, her witcheries would have moved an anchorite. The only drawback is in the playing of the band. There does not appear to be a notion of what a piano means. The opera, which was well got up, however magnificent in parts, is yet heavy on the whole. A four hour sitting becomes almost wearisome, even with all the attractions that presented themselves.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—The *Puritani* has been produced here with a strong cast, namely, Grisi, Mario, Tamburini and Tagliafico. The performance of the two first is too well known to be now taken notice of; we can only say that they probably never sung better. Tagliafico took the part of *Ricardo*, while Tamburini, through the illness of Signor Marini, was transferred to *Georgio*. Tagliafico has a fine fresh voice, more of a bass quality than barytone, and acquitted himself creditably; we should consider him as a singer likely to improve very much. Tamburini was not effective in his part. We ought to mention a Signora Angelini who was kindly received. Her voice is very weak, indeed, scarcely audible; but she is lady-like, though somewhat stiff in her manner, and will, no doubt, do well in the second parts.

On Tuesday last Signor Marini made his first appearance in *L'Italiano in Algieri*; Albion as *Isabella*, and Salvi, *Lindoro*, with Rovere, the new basso comico. On the first representation we were rather disappointed with Albion; but on a second hearing she was herself again, and in "Cruda sorte," and the scena "Pensa alla Patria," she equalled the expectations she first raised. Her execution was very perfect, and the expression she infused added to the charm of her rich full voice. Marini is, indeed, a *basso profondo*, and yet without any of that harshness that so usually accompanies deep voices. He executes with far more ease, and the tones blend together better than is generally the case with this description of voice. It would not, however, be fair to judge of him on this occasion; for it was evident he was suffering from cold, coughing several times during the performance. He acted the part of *Mustapha* with much discrimination, giving the various phases with much truth. In figure he is tall, stout, and we should say he had a handsome countenance; but the face was completely enveloped in a beard. Rovere has a continental reputation as a buffo, but it seems essential for the success of a buffo that he should, in some degree, be a favourite with the audience. As Rovere is a stranger here, the broad grimace and outre acting which might delight an assembly at Naples, with which he was an established favourite, did not go down with our English notions. All his attempts to raise a laugh did not avail; and for the present we should pronounce him a failure. What a longer acquaintance may do, we must wait to see. Salvi, as *Lindoro*, had but little to do. Signora Angelini looked very well in the part of *Eleira*. The opera went off rather tamely; the music, altogether, does not flow with that fullness of melody with which we have now been accustomed. There was, however, a call before the curtain, to which the principal singers responded, with the exception of Marini.

On Saturday, the Ellsler appeared, and was greeted with loud applause. The ballet of *La Baugetiére de Venise* is only a vehicle for introducing some very elegant dances, with which this accomplished danseuse quite captivated the audience. There was one particularly attractive, which was nearly being called for three times. It behoves her to put forth all her attractions, for in fact she is the only one on whom the support of the ballet department devolves; and with such competitors at the rival theatre, it needs much for one to stand alone against so many, and great a favorite as she may be, it is more than one can do. Mlle. Baderna displayed some very pretty dancing, but the ballet in itself is nothing.

DRURY LANE.—This theatre closed with a benefit for Mr. Harley, last Monday. There was *Guy Mannering*, *The Waterman*, and *the Desert*. The peculiarities of the evening were Farren singing the "The Old English Gentleman," and the veteran Brahman as *Tom Tug*; and considering his age, now 76, it was extraordinary both to hear and see him. We also had a speech from Bann, which we give as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—At the end of a long and an eventful season, I appear before you in my wonted position, to give you some slight account of my stewardship. I say a "long" season, because a period of about 170 nights is entitled to that appellation, and when I look back on its events my wonder is that it ever reached 70, to say nothing of the odd 100.

"The distress which has swept over the country, the unprecedented fluctuation of weather, the incessant sickness arising therefrom (which at one time led to our closing for an entire week), and, in addition to other causes—especially that of the establishment of another Italian Opera—the want of co-operation on the part of some who, dependent altogether on public pleasure, do all they can to deprive the public of enjoying any, are matters detrimental to the interests of a theatre, and positive impediments to its progress.

"It may be expected that I should say something respecting a popular artist who has recently arrived in this country. I have been lustily abused for endeavouring to make that lady fulfil her contract, and, having failed in such endeavour, I can only say that, if she were singing here, and drawing the money she will elsewhere, our season would terminate with great profit.

"So much for the past; as respects the future, permit me to assure you that the good understanding which has so long existed still exists with the committee of this theatre and myself—a body of gentlemen actuated at all times by the utmost liberality and the best feeling.

"They renewed my lease of their theatre; and when I asked them to cancel that renewal, to enable those who continue to excite the doubtful question of the legitimate drama to compete for its possession, their assent to my request was conveyed with an expression of great regret. If the theatre, from such competition, should pass into other hands, I shall meet you elsewhere. If not, I shall once more meet you on this scene, where I have so often had to acknowledge those favours, which I shall never cease to remember with the deepest gratitude."

There was much cheering at the conclusion. The house was crowded from the top to the bottom, giving indication that the comic romances of Harley still keep him high in public estimation.

## CONCERTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Second Concert took place last Saturday.

## PART I.

Introduction, Chorus, "All hail the morn."	
Waltz—Romance, "Near thy Bay, when day is closing," Mr. Herbert.	
Song, "Morn is now breaking," Miss Cole.	
Duet, "Joy, Joy, he still is mine," Miss Holroyd, and Mr. Wetherbee.	Weber.
Song, "Home of my Childhood dear," Mr. Gardner.	
Finale, to First Act "Quartet," Miss Ransford, Miss Salmon, Mr. Gardner, and Mr. Wetherbee, with Chorus.	
Song, "O too lovely," Miss Salmon.	Dr. Arno.
(Arlaxerxes).	
Adagio, "and First movement from Concerto in D, —Violoncello, Mr. Horatio Chipp.	Romberg.
Aria, "Elena O tu mi chiami," Miss D'Ernst.	Rossini.
(La Donna del Lago).	
Andante and Rondo, in B minor,—Pianoforte, Miss D. Watkins.	Mendelssohn.

## PART II.

Overture, "Egmont."	Beethoven.
Duo, "Io ti perdona, O stelle," Miss Holroyd, and Miss E. Holroyd. (Zadig ed Astartea).	Vaccini.
Concerto, B minor, First movement. Pianoforte, Miss M. E. Smith. (King's Scholar.)	Hummel.
Duo, "Pray leave me but a moment," Miss D'Ernst, and Miss Ransford. (Jessonda)	Spohr.
Madrigal, "Lady, your eye my love enforced. (1598.)	Weekes.
Aria, "Di piacere," Miss Solomon. (La Gazza Ladra)	Rossini.
Introduction, to Guglielmo Tell. The principal parts by Miss Solomon, Miss Ransford, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Wetherbee, and Mr. Weeks.	Rossini.

There has been much abuse heaped by the press on this concert, for what reason we do not understand. On former occasions we have adverted to what appeared a very negligent management of the institution, and until some regeneration takes place, we do not expect much good to be done; but at a concert, we must recollect that we are hearing pupils, and where they do credit to themselves they deserve the

full acknowledgement of it. To find fault with the programme, would only be to iterate remarks we have already made; but when, out of some thirteen pupils exhibited, we are enabled to speak favourably of the Misses Salmon, Solomon D'Ernest, and Ransford; Messrs. Herbert, Gardner, and Wetherbee, among the vocalists; and when we hear a young lady play as Miss Watkins did, and hear such a splendid specimen of violoncello playing as displayed by Mr. Chipp, we should not be doing justice to these individuals if we did not give full credit to their promise of future excellence. The band is such a patch-work, that we cannot expect much from the performance; and when we say it is our opinion that these concerts ought to be the most attractive in the metropolis, we only throw the blame that they are not so on the management which does not second the exertions of the pupils.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The third took place last Wednesday, being under the direction of Prince Albert, and as usual on such occasions, the room was crowded.

## PART I.

- The National Anthem, "God save the Queen." A.D. 569  
 \*Gregorian Hymn, "Alleluia, O Filii et Filias." A.D. 569  
 Recit. ("Spon. Euridice.") (Orfeo.) ..... Gluck.  
 Aria, ("Ch. fero.") ..... Mehul.  
 Quintetto, "Ah! lasciar devi i rei." ..... Handel.  
 Recit. ("Tis well.") ..... Stradella, A.D. 1690.  
 March, ("Se nel ben.") ..... Marcellio.  
 Chorus, ("Glory to God.") ..... Mozart.  
 Arietta, "Io cantero le lodi di quel Dio." ..... Bach.  
 \*Mottetto, "Io cantero le lodi di quel Dio." ..... Mozart.  
 \*Prelude and Fugue on the Name of Bach—  
 Organ ..... Mozart.  
 \*Finale to the First Act of "Il Flauto Magico."

## PART II.

- \*Overture, "Fugato." ..... Winter.  
 \*Romance, "Dans ma cabane obscure." (Le Devin du Village.) ..... Monsigny.  
 \*The Easter Hymn, "Jesus Christ is risen to-day." ..... Gaglielmi.  
 \*Duetto, "Un non so che." (Das Unterbrochene Opferfest.) ..... Martini.  
 \*Airs, "Le Roi passoit." (Le Deserteur.) ..... Cherubini.  
 \*Duetto, "Oh, guardate! che figura." (La Capriccio corretta.) ..... Martini.  
 \*Romance and Chorus, "Plaisir d'amour." ..... Cherubini.  
 Chorus, "Gloria in excelsis." ..... Cherubini.

Those marked with the asterisk were for the first time of performance at these concerts. His Royal Highness is remarkable for these resuscitations, which would indeed be curious and interesting if heard in their original state; but they are so transformed by alterations and additions, that they might be specimens of any thing. The principal vocalists were, Mlle. Castellan, Mlle. Alboni, Messrs. S. Novello, and Williams, Mario, Gardoni, Mr. Lockey, Tamburini, Staudigl, and Lablache. The great feature of the evening was a *fugue* on the organ, played by S. Mendelssohn, it was one composed by Bach, on the letters of his name. The other instrumental piece was an overture *fugato* of Mozart's. This was a charming production, and afforded a relief to the vocal pieces.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The oratorio of *Elijah* has been performed now four times. We have always a dislike to encounter Exeter Hall. The crowd; the organ out of tune; the chorus imperfect; the band indifferent; and the performance always marred by the resonance, or echo, that just helps to make an entire confusion of sound, is enough to deter even the most resolute lover of sacred music. The advent of Mendelssohn to conduct his own oratorio was, however, a sufficient inducement to combat all difficulties. We heard enough to satisfy us that the *Elijah* is a fine production. The commencement is rather tame, and so continues, until chorus after chorus, to the final winding-up of both the first and second part, carries us on, impressed with the composer's power. The strength of the oratorio lies in these chorusses, which are indeed fine; nor ought we to omit some mention of quartetts, but the recitatives, which abound, are in general weak, and except now and then, when some effect was produced by the energetic singing of Staudigl, they passed off tame enough. The vocalists were, Misses Birch, Kirkham, Duval, M. Hawes; Messrs. Lockey, Novello, and Staudigl. In justification of the remarks we have made before and now, about the general

performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society, we must extract some observations which have appeared in the *Athenaeum*, from a correspondent. "In justice to the members and assistants of the Sacred Harmonic Society, says the writer of the letter, I am desirous of pointing out to you one or two of the causes of the alleged insufficiencies of the performances of that society." In the first place it would appear there was only one copy between three persons! that the choristers are not allowed the music to take home to study! it is stated also that the reason the chorus does not observe the pianos is that the band never does. This is the necessary consequence of having a conductor and leader who seem to act perfectly independent of each other. Many of the choristers cannot see the conductor, and the organ coming between the two divisions prevents unity of purpose. These facts need no comment. With such elements of discord, no wonder the performance never was satisfactory; and this is the excuse we make for so seldom venturing within the room, for we feel perfectly sure before we go that we shall be disappointed by the result. We are disposed to give all credit where it is due to those who have been instrumental in establishing the society; but steps must be taken to remedy the evils complained of for the character of the concerts is at stake. We venture a suggestion or so to the directors: pull down the organ, and get rid of both conductor and leader, and do as the Philharmonic have done; have some efficient conductor to take the whole responsibility of the performance.

## REVIEWS.

*Memoir of Jenny Lind.* Ollivier, Pall Mall.

This short account of this highly interesting and popular singer, seems to contain a faithful version of her life, and from it we learn the following particulars. She was born the 6th of October, 1821, at Stockholm, where her parents kept a school. At three years old she appeared to have shown her passion for music, for

"Every melody that struck her ear was retained with an accuracy which caused general admiration; no work was done without accompanying it with her clear voice, and no pain during frequent illness prevented her from finding consolation in song."

When nine years old, it happened that Mrs. Lundberg, an actress, heard her sing; she was so much struck with her that she recommended her parents to educate her for the stage. There were great objections made at first, but these being overcome, Jenny Lind was placed under Croelius, a music master, well known at Stockholm. After a time she was introduced to Count Püchle, the manager of the court theatre, and by him sent to the musical school attached to the Theatre Royal of Stockholm; where she shortly after appeared in children's parts, in which she was so successful, that vaudevilles "were written for the clever little girl." In the following year Croelius confided her to Herr Berg, a younger teacher, who carried on her studies.

When twelve years, Jenny Lind had grown out of child's parts, and also lost her voice. The hope of forming her for the grand opera was banished; but she yet pursued her musical studies with ardour for four years. It happened at this time that at a concert a singer was wanted for a short while in the fourth act of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*. No one could be found to take it, until Herr Berg thought of his poor pupil. Jenny Lind consented, and when she came forward, as "though by miracle," the long missing voice reappeared; the public at once recognised their former favourite, and received her with immense applause; and Herr Berg told her to prepare for the part of *Agathe* in *Der Frieschutz*, which was the height of her ambition; and in which she was so successful, that, though now only sixteen years old, she was without a rival at Stockholm.

Jenny Lind's voice, however, appears to have been somewhat inflexible; and, though listened to with rapture, she could scarcely execute a cadence;

yet she continued her prosperous career for eighteen months, performing *Euryanthe*, *Alice*, and the *Vestal*. But not being satisfied with herself, she was desirous to go to Paris to study under Garcia; having arrived there, she was kindly received by him, and sang to him.

"When she had concluded, he said calmly, 'My dear child, you have no voice,' a dreadful word for Jenny; 'or,' added he, correcting himself, 'you have had a voice, and are just going to lose it. Probably you have been singing too much, or too early, for your organ is worn and rugged; I cannot give you any instruction at present. Do not sing a note for three months, and then give me another call.'"

Such was the result of this interview. Nothing daunted, she continued her studies, and at the expiration of the time, went again to Garcia, who then received her as his pupil. After studying for some time, she was sent for home; but accidentally becoming acquainted with Mayerbeer, he soon saw her worth, and arranged to hear her with a grand orchestra, and Jenny sang the three great scenes from *Robert le Diable*, *Norma*, and *Der Frieschutz*, and with such effect as to receive an offer of an engagement for Berlin. Her love of home induced her, however, to return, but urged thence by frequent invitations, she accepted them, and in August, 1844, went to Dresden, returning to Stockholm to assist at the coronation of the king. She then went to Berlin, where she remained four months, appearing in *Norma*, *Sonnambula*, *Camp of Silesia*, and *Fille du Regiment*. From thence she went to the principal towns of Northern Germany. In Hamburg a silver laurel wreath was presented to her on her departure.

"During the following summer she was called to festivals on the Rhine, which the King of Prussia was preparing for the Queen of England. From November, 1845, to March, 1846, she fulfilled an engagement for five months at Berlin; she then went to Vienna, and appeared in *Norma* on the 22nd of April."

Such is a brief account of one who has attracted universal attention. The private character of Jenny Lind is pure and spotless, and she owes her greatness more to her mental qualifications than to the mere gifts of nature.

*The History of Painting in Italy*; translated from the Italian of the Abate Luigi Lanzi. By THOMAS ROSCOE, Vol. I., Henry G. Bohn, York-street, Covent-garden.

ARTISTS and those that love the arts owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Bohn for placing within convenient reach so many means of increasing acquaintance with that department of the world's history in which they are most immediately interested. To the members of those professions devoted to the ornamentation and refinements of existence it is a matter of congratulation that the publishing of works of excessive cheapness, having exclusive relationship with their pursuits, has become, at length, a prudence. It argues so much of increase in the number of those that feel a curiosity on such matters as avouches the advent of the only species of patronage to art and artists that may be received with independence and relied upon as permanent. So long as the support of the arts depended upon the whims of princes, the policy of statesmen, or the calculation of priests, its stability had no more of guarantee than any other of that long succession of caprices with which the epochs of civilization have been diversified. Once let a love for art take root among the generality and it will keep its hold as firmly as reading, writing, or any of those once called accomplishments, the not possessing which is now an evidence of degradation and a qualification for a bondsman. The diffusing of works like this of Lanzi will tend greatly to facilitate the growth of knowledge upon such subjects; and we look with anxiety to see the effect of that growth in the appearance of something like comprehension of the subject upon which they treat among those who seek to control, and undertake to guide, public opinion in their regard. We believe, at present, it is a matter of greater difficulty to teach a *soi disant* fine art critic than to instruct one who has never hazarded opinion upon such a topic; inasmuch as the

latter has only to acquire knowledge, while the first has to undergo the preparatory task of getting rid of false principles, before he is in the position to learn the true ones. It is as if the one were a white sheet of paper ready to receive the written truth, while the other was blotted and defaced by closely entangled lines of nonsense.

Lanzi is a good book for classifying the artists' observations. It systematises and arranges under separate heads, almost every diversity of manner. This fancifulness we believe has done much mischief to art, but we trust that the time of its evil influence is past. What has natural imitation to do with schools? Why should an artist look at the form of man, the bright sky of heaven, or the sunlit foliage of the landscape through the coloured spectacles of Michael Angelo, Titian, or Salvator Rosa. None will now attempt to find a reason for such subservience that knows anything of the matter; and we believe Lanzi was among the first to doubt its usefulness. There is no such thing as a school in England, according to the ancient understanding attached to the term, for we have no acknowledged leader that others imitate; and we believe this to be one great security for progress among us. Every established school in Italy meant the study and copying of the works of some celebrity of the place and period. Thus we find it remarked, that—

"The scholars of Giotto have fallen into an error common to the followers of all illustrious men: in desiring to surpass, they have only aspired to imitate him with facility. On his account, the art did not advance as it might otherwise have done among the Florentine and other artists of the fourteenth century who flourished after Giotto."

Under this influence, the history of art was the celebrity of a genius precluding the common-place interval of imitation. The one fashion of production confined the school to the same species of pictures; and, as among competitors in a race, one is almost always the swiftest, the rest copied his manner, without calculating upon the difference of his organisation from their own. The remarks of Lanzi upon the mischiefs arising from this system are full of sound reasoning. Speaking of the school, or academy, established by Vasari, he says—

"The chapter-house of the Nunziata, 'decorated with the sculpture and pictures of the best masters' of the age, was granted to this college of artists for a hall. Another place was assigned for their meetings. Their rules were drawn up by the restorers of this institution, of whom Vasari was one. He wrote concerning it to Michael Angelo, and asserted that every member of this academy 'was indebted to him for what he knew'; and, indeed, in all its branches it partakes strongly of his style. A similar doctrine already prevailed in Florence; but it would have been better that every one followed the master whom his genius pointed out. In the choice of a style, Nature ought to direct, not to follow; every one should make his election according to his talents. It is true that the error of the Florentine is common to other nations, and has given rise to an opinion that academies have had a baneful influence on the arts; since they have only tended to constrain all to follow the same path; and here Italy is found fruitful in adherents to systems, but barren in true painters."

To this error of copying celebrity, which was not always founded upon the true principles of art, but frequently depended upon the caprice of fashionableness, we may impute the decay of painting in Italy. It was not the thing to be done, but it was the man who tried to do it that was made the model; and singularity was too often mistaken for genius. We shall conclude our notice of this work, after recommending it as one that none who thinks of art should be without, with the following extract from the author's preface, that may afford some matter for rumination to many that undertake with so little of preparation to write upon these subjects:—

"A true connoisseur is more rare than a good artist. His skill is the result of indirect application; it is acquired amidst other pursuits, and divides the attention with other objects; the means of attaining it fall to the lot of few, and still fewer practice it successfully. Among that number I do not reckon myself. By this work, I pretend not to form an accomplished connoisseur in painting; my object is to facilitate the acquisition of such knowledge. The history of painting is the basis of connoisseurship; by combining it, I supersede the necessity of referring to many books; by abbreviating it, I save the time and labour of the student; and by arranging it in a proper manner, I present him with the subject ready prepared and developed.

"It remains that I should give some account of myself; of the criticisms that I, who am not an artist, have ventured to pass upon each painter; for if the professors of the art

had as much leisure and experience in writing as they have ability, every author ought to resign to them the field. The propriety of technical terms, the abilities of artists, and the selections of specimens, are usually better understood by an indifferently artist than by the learned connoisseur; but since those occupied in painting have no leisure to write, others, assisted by them, may be permitted to undertake the office."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**NEW GROUP, BY GIBSON.**—Mr. Gibson is just completing a work which, we are convinced, will add to the fame even of one already standing so high. It has been executed for Earl Fitzwilliam, and is to form the frieze of a mantel-piece, raised to the height of six feet from the ground. The subject is "The Hours leading the horses of the Sun to the chariot of Apollo."

The number three was ascribed to the personified Hours by the earliest Greek poets; whilst those of later date increased their number to seven, and, at last, to ten. Mr. Gibson has represented them as winged and crowned with olive leaves the hair and dress alike in the three, though the gracefully-flowing stola is differently disposed in each; and, whilst the same type of countenance belongs to all, individuality is not yet wanting. The foremost is in the attitude of strained effort, as she curbs the impatience of the horse, who is advancing beyond the rest, using both arms with the reins, the drapery flowing nearly to the feet. The second holds, but without so much effort, the bridle of the noble steed, with whom she keeps pace, in an attitude expressive of rapid motion through the air: her drapery, girded round the waist, falls off one shoulder and bosom, and is gathered so as to display the limbs, giving them freedom for the swiftness of her flight. The third, leading two horses, extends her arms between both, the figure finely poised so as to fill the intervening space and connect the members of the group. The draperies are agitated by a wind, that seems to meet and beat back their folds, yet, without destroying the grace of their outlines; even rendering them more effective in setting off the beauty of form, and the aerially graceful attitudes of each figure.

In the introduction of the olive crowns and wings, Mr. Gibson has followed the authority of a sister art rather than his own, for the personified Hours (strange as it may appear with a subject so felicitous) have rarely, if ever, been met with on Greek monuments, and it is only in poetry that these attributes have been classically ascribed to them.—*Roman Advertiser.*

**SALE AT CHRISTIE AND MANSON'S.**—We recommend those of our readers who are art lovers to an inspection of the pictures of the late Edward Solly, Esq., which come to the hammer to-day at King-street. The erudition of the collector in the department to which he attached himself, is undisputed; and the interest that belongs to the pictures here assembled has much to do with the history of art in Italy, with all its diversity of schools; a complexity to the connoisseur, and to him as repudiative of arrangement, as is the Saxon Heptarchy to the school-boy. Without pretending to guarantee anything, (an attempt which we consider an affectation, excepting where a first-rate production of a first-rate master produces its own internal evidence,) there are many specimens here whose singularity establishes them as original; and, although we could not point to a single instance of a perfect work that would evidence the superiority of ancient art, there are a great many portions of pictures that may be looked at with satisfaction by the amateur, and with advantage by the artist.

It is stated that Mr. Knowles, of the Manchester Theatre-Royal, is negotiating for the original production of a new tragedy, by Marston, the author of *The Patrician's Daughter*.

Mr. Etty sold his picture of Joan of Arc on Friday, at the private view of the Royal Academy, for the large sum of 2,500 guineas.

**MANCHESTER ACADEMY OF ARTS.**—This academy was formed by some of the leading artists of the town about two years since, upon the plan of mutual instruction. It had long been felt as a severe drawback to the progress of art, that no means for study either of the splendid remains

of antiquity or the living figure, were afforded in this district, and that this object had not been embraced by any of our public institutions. Under these circumstances, it was thought by some members of the profession, that they might by association and a system of mutual instruction, in some measure make up for this deficiency. They formed themselves into a society, and now number amongst their members the *élite* of the profession in the district; and we are happy to say that they have been successful beyond their anticipations. The academy is now about to hold an exhibition of the works which have been executed by the members, and are to be disposed of for the benefit of the funds, and to enable the council to extend the means and objects of study. We understand that the works already sent in are of a character which will reflect credit on the institution, and be a source of gratification to well-wishers of art in this district. We hope they will meet the encouragement they so richly deserve. The exhibition will take place early next month.

**FLYING REPORTS.**—Drury-lane Theatre is once again to be let, and Mr. Bunn has informed the public to the effect that, though he has a renewal of his lease, it is with his wish that the property is thrown open to competition for those who have "different principles of management" from his own. This paragraph seems to intimate that Mr. Bunn is tired of his bargain, and glad to throw it up unless he can have it on far easier terms. Some conjecture that there is a possibility of Mr. Macready, with Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's new plays in his hand, resuming the management. A weekly paper affirms that Messrs. Strutt and Keeley, the present lessees of the Lyceum, having been threatened with a rise of rent, quit that theatre in June, and had on Saturday an interview with the managing committee of Drury-lane Theatre, on the subject of becoming the future lessees of that establishment. It is reported that the terms proposed by the committee are so moderate, that it may be the property will pass to the hands of the late managers of the Lyceum.—Madame Vestris is spoken of as the probable successor to the management of the Lyceum.

**THEATRE ROYAL, BRISTOL.**—Mr. Artaud's benefit, on Monday last, was not so well attended as could have been desired, notwithstanding the novel attraction offered in the presentation of a silver goblet to the author of the best conundrum, left, on going in, at the pay-office. There were numerous competitors, and the prize was adjudged by the audience to Mr. H. Andrews, a member of the *corps dramatique*. His effusion, of which we leave our readers to form their own judgment, was as follows:—"If the sea were about to overflow Bristol, why could it not do so without first taking a dose of physic? Because it must swallow a Pill first."

**MR. BUNN AND JENNY LIND.**—An action has been commenced by Mr. Bunn in the Court of Queen's Bench against Jenny Lind, for an alleged breach of contract, and on Friday last an appearance to the writ of summons, a few days previously issued, was entered by a solicitor on the part of the defendant. The next proceeding will be the declaration, in which the plaintiff will estimate his damages. Sir F. Kelly and Mr. Cockburn, Q.C., have been retained for Mr. Bunn. The cause cannot be tried until the sittings after Trinity Term, commencing the middle of July.

**ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.**—The twenty-first annual exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy in Edinburgh closed on Saturday last. The works of art which it contains were to be removed from the galleries in the course of Monday and Tuesday following. Our readers must be gratified, as well as ourselves, to learn that it has proved the most attractive which has as yet been opened under the auspices of this distinguished artistic body in Edinburgh.

**CONCERTS NEXT WEEK.**—Monday, Philharmonic.—Wilson's Scottish Entertainment.

Tuesday, Musical Union.

Wednesday, Mr. C. Mühlenthal, Princess's Concert Room.—Mr. Cohan's Pianoforte Recital, Hanover-square Rooms.

Thursday, Madame Puzzi, Her Majesty's Theatre.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—Proprietor, Mr. LUMLEY.—The Nobility, Subscribers to the Opera, and the Public are respectfully informed that **Mlle. JENNY LIND** will have the honour of appearing on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday during the ensuing Week. On Tuesday will be presented Meyerbeer's opera of **ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO**. Alice, Mlle. Jenny Lind; Bertram, Herr Staudigl. On Thursday, an Extra Night, will be presented Bellini's celebrated opera of **SONNAMBULA**. Amina, Mlle. Jenny Lind. With a **DIVERTISSEMENT**, in which Mlle. Cerito, Mlle. Rosati, Mlle. Marie Tagliani, and Mlle. Lucile Grahn; M. St. Leon, M. P. Tagliani, and M. Perrot. On Saturday, **ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO**. Alice, Mlle. Jenny Lind; Bertram, Herr Staudigl.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS,  
TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.**

**THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN.**

Admission (from Eight o'Clock till Seven), One Shilling; Catalogue, One Shilling.  
**JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Dep. Sec.**

**THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN,** at their GALLERY, 53, PAUL-MALL, near St. James's Palace, from nine o'clock till dusk.

Admission, ONE SHILLING—Catalogue, SIXPENCE.  
**JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.**

**BIRMINGHAM SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.**

**WORKS OF ART** intended for the ensuing EXHIBITION, at the **BIRMINGHAM SOCIETY OF ARTISTS**, will be received by the Society's agent, Mr. Green, 14, Charles-street, Middlessex Hospital, (subject to the conditions in the Society's circular,) up to the 20th of July next.

**HENRY HARRIS, Secretary.**  
Birmingham, March 22nd, 1847.

**ECONOMY.—ECONOMY.**

**STEPHENS' Process for DYEING or SATIN-ING WOOL**, as a substitute for paint. The natural grain of wool is imitated by art; but the most successful imitation has a sameness of appearance when compared with the continual variety which different wools present in their natural grain. To give an ornamental colour to the wool without obscuring the grain is the object of this process, which surpasses paint in appearance, while at the same time it is so economical that the whole interior of a house, which would take a month or six weeks to paint in the usual manner, may be finished in one week by the process above named, and be more pleasing when finished. The dyes or stains are prepared and sold by **HENRY STEPHENS**, 54, Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road, London, in bottles of 6d and 1s. each, and at 10s. per gallon. The Oak Colour may be obtained in powder at 8s. per lb., which dissolves in water to form the liquid, and 1lb. will make one gallon of stain—N.B. The trade supplied.

Sold also at the Office of "The Builder," 2, York-street Covent-garden, London.

**M. ROPHINO LACY'S HANDELIAN OPERATIC CONCERTS at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOM.**

On the evenings of May 17th, 25th, 31st, and June 8th, will consist entirely of Vocal and Instrumental pieces—(Gems)—selected from Handel's forty Italian Operas, which have slept in oblivion one hundred years, and are entirely unknown to the present generation. Vocalists: Miss Dolby, Miss M. B. Hawes, Mr. Manvers, and Mr. H. Phillips. Lecturer and Music Director: M. Rophino Lacy. Leader: Mr. Willy. Piano-forte: Mr. J. L. Hutton. Violoncello: Mr. Lindley. Contra Bass: Mr. Howell.

For prospectuses, &c., apply to Mr. Green, Royal Seraphine maker, 33, Soho-square, and the principal music-sellers.

**SMITH'S PATENT ADHESIVE ENVELOPES**, requiring neither wax or wafer, embossed with initials, frames, crests, arms, &c., &c. Manufactured, 42, Rathbone-place, London.—The demand for these Envelopes is so great, and they are now so highly appreciated by Noblemen, Gentlemen, the Managers of Public Institutions, &c., that several very unprincipled persons are offering for sale a worthless imitation, and others are representing themselves to be "Agents for the sale of Smith's Patent Adhesive Envelopes," whereas J. SMITH has no appointed Agents. To prevent imposition, therefore, the Public are respectfully requested to observe, that every Envelope bears the inscription, "SMITH'S PATENT ADHESIVE, 42, RATHBONE PLACE, LONDON;" all others are fraudulent imitations.

N.B.—For India communication these Envelopes are invaluable. Stationery of every Description. Engraving, Printing, &c., &c., &c.

**SEND EIGHT POSTAGE STAMPS**, and by return, and post free, you will get a handsome Tea-spoon of **C. WATSON'S SOLID ALBATA PLATE**, which is rapidly superseding Silver for all domestic uses, as it is equally sweet and handsome as silver itself. This is the only solid substitute now sold, and, unlike plated goods of any kind, there is nothing to wear off, so that the more you rub and clean it, the better it will continue to look, though it should be in daily use for fifty years. Don't be afraid to put it to any test, and then send your order. A full catalogue of prices, with patterns of every other article, will be inclosed with the Sample Spoon.—Address C. Watson 41 and 42, Barbican, and 16, Norton-folgate, London.

**IMPORTANT CAUTION.—A. ROWLAND and SON**, 20, Hatton-garden, London, beg to caution the nobility and gentry being misled by the attempts of some shopkeepers, who, to compounds of their own manufacture, give the titles of "Macassar Oil," "Kalydor," and "Odonto," some under the implied sanction of Royalty and the Government department, with similar attempts at deception, while they copy the bills, labels, advertisements, and testimonials (substituting fictitious names and addresses for the real) of the original preparations. The only genuine "Macassar Oil," "Kalydor," and "Odonto," are "Rowland's," and the wrapper of each bears the name of "Rowlands" preceding that of the article, with their signature at the foot, in red ink, thus—"A. Rowland and Son."

**ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL** for the growth, and for preserving, improving, and beautifying the human hair. **ROWLANDS' KALYDOR**, for improving and beautifying the skin and complexion, eradicating all cutaneous eruptions, sunburns, freckles, and discolorations, and for rendering the skin soft, clear, and fair.

**ROWLANDS' ODONTO**, or Pearl Dentifrice, for rendering the teeth beautifully white, and strengthening the gums.

**ROWLANDS' ALSANA EXTRACT**, for relieving the most violent toothache, gum-boils, and swelled face.

The special patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, H. R. H. Prince Albert, the whole of the Royal Family, and of every Court in the civilised world, and the high esteem in which these preparations are universally held, together with numerous testimonials constantly received of their efficacy, afford the best and surest proofs of their merits.

Sold by the Proprietors, at 20, Hatton-garden, London, and by all Chemists and Perfumers.

**TEA TRAYS, TEA URNS, KNIVES AND FORKS, DISH COVERS, &c.** C. WATSON'S, 41 and 42, BARRICAN, and 16, NORTON FOLGATE. Established half a century.—A set of 3 Paper Tea Trays, including the largest size made, 35s.—very richly ornamented all over, 50s. a set of three, and up to £14.—Japan Tea Trays, 7s. 6d. a set, and upwards.—A 5 quart London-made Bronze Tea Urn, 35s., with the newest patterns up to 5 guineas.—A set of six patent raised London-made Dish Covers, 18s. 6d.—Best imperial raised, 35s. 6d. set of six—Elegant silver spurs, 52s. 6d. set of six.

Ivory Table-knives, 11s. 6d. set of six; Dessert, 9s.; Carvers, 3s. 6d. per pair.

	Table.	Dessert.	Carvers.
3½ inch handsome Balance handle .....	18s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	6s. 6d. pr.
4 inch Balance-handle, largest and best made ..	20s. "	16s. "	7s. 6d. "
Ditto with Watson's Albata Plate handles equal to Silver .....	22s. 6d.	18s. "	8s. 6d. "

Forks half the price of the above.

C. Watson's handsomely Illustrated Catalogue and Price Current is just Published, and Families who regard economy and elegance, should possess themselves of this useful book, which may be had gratis, and Post Free, from the above Address. Sole Inventor of the celebrated Albata Plate, which is so rapidly superseding Silver.

Address C. Watson, 41 and 42, Barbican, and 16, Norton Folgate, London.

**CALIGRAPHIC BLACK LEAD PENCIL**, manufactured by E. WOLFF and SON, 23, Church Street, Spitalfields, London.

These Pencils are perfectly free from grit; and for richness of tone, depth of colour, delicacy of tint, and evenness of texture, they are not to be equalled by the best Cumberland Lead that can be obtained at the present time, and are infinitely superior to every other description of Pencil now in use.

The Caligraphic Pencils will also recommend themselves to all who use the Black Lead Pencil as an instrument of professional importance or recreation, by their being little more than half the price of other Pencils.

H. HH, HHH, HB, B, BB, F, FF	4s. per dozen.
BBB, EBB	8s. "
BBBB	12s. "

An allowance on every Gross purchased by artists or teachers.

May be had of all artists' colourmen, stationers, book-sellers, &c.

A single Pencil will be forwarded as a sample, upon the receipt of postage stamps to the amount.

**CAUTION.**—To prevent imposition, a highly-finished and embossed Protection Wrapper, difficult of imitation, is put round each dozen of Pencils. Each Pencil will be stamped on both sides, "Caligraphic Black Lead, E. Wolff and Son, London."

**SEVEN HISTORICAL PICTURES,**  
By MURILLO.

Will be EXHIBITED at the COSMORAMA, No. 209, Regent-street. To commence on Tuesday, May 11th, 1847. Open from Ten o'Clock till Dusk.

**LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION**, for Fire, Life and Marine Assurances, Established by Royal Charter, 1720, Offices, 7, Royal Exchange, Cornhill, and 10, Regent Street.

**THIS** long established body has recently issued a new prospectus, embracing a variety of very eligible plans for Life Assurance, and which may be had by a written or personal application. The expenses of managing the Life Department are defrayed by the Corporation, and not taken from the premium fund.

**JOHN LAWRENCE, Secretary.**

**GLOBE INSURANCE**,  
Pall Mall and Cornhill, London.

Edward Goldsmid, Esq., Chairman  
William Tite, Esq., F.R.S., Deputy-Chairman  
George Carr Glynn, Esq., Treasurer

Henry Alexander, Esq.  
Jonathan Birch, Esq.  
John S. Brownrigg, Esq. M.P.  
Thomas Collier, Esq.  
Boyce Combs, Esq.  
Thomas M. Coombs, Esq.  
James W. Freshfield, Esq.  
F.R.S.  
Sir I. L. Goldsmid, Bart.  
F.R.S.  
Robert Hawthorn, Esq.  
John Hodgson, Esq.

Richard Lambert Jones, Esq.  
Robert Locke, Esq.  
Boyd Miller, Esq.  
Sheffield Neave, Esq.  
Wesley Newsum, Esq.  
William Phillimore, Esq.  
W. H. C. Plowden, Esq.  
John Poynder, Esq.  
Robert Saunders, Esq.  
Sir Walter Stirling, Bart.  
W. Thompson, Esq. Ald. M.P.  
Benjamin G. Windus, Esq.

Established 1803, for Fire and Life Insurance and Annuities, and the purchase of Reversions and Life Contingencies.

**CAPITAL, ONE MILLION STERLING.**

The whole paid up and invested, and entirely independent of the amount of premiums received.

Insurances may be effected on Single Lives, on Joint Lives, and on the contingency of one life surviving another. Persons deriving Life Incomes from Church Preferment, Public Offices, and any other Civil or Military Employment, may, by appropriating a part of their income to provide the annual payment, alleviate the distress which their death would otherwise occasion to their family or friends.

Rates and conditions of Fire and Life Insurance, or other information, may be obtained at the offices in London, and of the Company's Agents in the Country.

(By order of the Board)

**JOHN CHARLES DENHAM, Secretary.**

Just published, price 6d.,

**THE LAWS RELATING TO THE COPYRIGHT OF ORNAMENTAL DESIGNS and the CONFIGURATION OF ARTICLES of UTILITY** considered in their Practical Bearings, with Remarks on the prevailing Opinions respecting the Non-Ornamental Act. By NEWTON and SON. Offices for patents, 60, Chancery-lane; John Weale, 59 High Holborn; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers'-court.

**NEW HISTORY OF ENGLAND.**

**MACKENZIE'S** Portable Edition of **THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND**, containing a faithful Summary of the Monarchy, Aristocracy, and People; with a Chronological List of Eminent and Learned Men, of the principal Memorable Events, Naval and Military Battles, Discoveries, Inventions, &c. Contemporary Sovereigns, &c., &c., with thirty-eight engravings. This Work is now publishing in Weekly Numbers, at One Penny, and Monthly Parts, at Fourpence.

Also Published by E. Mackenzie.

**MANUAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY.**—A Second

Edition of the **PRACTICAL MANUAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, containing Full and Plain Directions for the Economical production of really good Daguerrotype Portraits and Pictures; the beautiful process of Colouring; the various improvements in Copying or Multiplying, Electrotyping, and Engraving the pictures, clearly explained. The injustice and validity of the Patent considered, with suggestions for rendering such Patent a virtual dead letter. Full instructions are also given in the following interesting processes, including Sir D. Brewster's late communication on the Talbotype;—Calotype, Chromatype, Catallissotype, Gaudinotype, Cyanotype, Chrysotype, and Fluorotype, with many corrections and improvements. Price 1s. 6d., or sent Post Free upon receipt of 2s. The encomiums of the press on this work may be said to be universal.

London: Printed by **WILLIAM WHINREY GEARING**, of No. 2, Smart's Buildings, in the Parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, in the County of Middlessex, at 27, Parker-street; in the Parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, as aforesaid; and Published by **JOHN DAY**, of 43, Paradise-street, Lambeth, at the Office of "THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL," 12, Wellington Street North, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the Liberty of Westminster.